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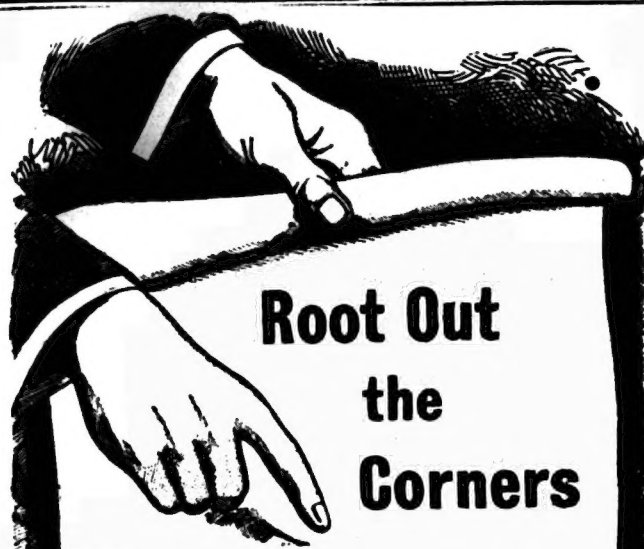
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Being a Selection of Notes of Cases.

By NATHANIEL QUILLET, Solicitor and Notary Public.

Prepared for the Press by JOHN K. LEYS, Author of "The Lindsays," "The Tenth of June," etc., etc.

VI.—LADY INGLEDREW'S DIAMONDS.

A NEAT brougham rattled down the quiet street in which my office is situated, and a minute or two later a card was put into my hand bearing a countess's coronet, and the name LADY INGLEDREW.

I rose and bowed as a tall woman with a superb carriage and an air that was at once dignified and condescending entered the room.

"You got my note, Mr. Quillett?" she asked, as she seated herself in an easy-chair, then added quickly, "I thought it more satisfactory to have a personal interview with you. We returned to London only last night, and I think you had better address my letters to our town house, 20 Clarence Gate; and if we should go out of town they will be forwarded."

I took a note of these instructions, and then I selected her ladyship's letter, conspicuous by the thick paper, coloured crest, and bold handwriting, among the other letters in my basket, and spread it out before me.

"You had better tell me all you know of the matter, Lady Ingledew," I said in my best professional manner. "When did you first miss your diamonds?"

"Properly speaking, I didn't miss them. My maid told me herself—confessed in a letter what she had done. About three months ago, when I knew I should not want to wear the brilliants again for the season, I sent my maid—"

"Pardon me—her name is—"

"Céleste Charpentier, and I had first-rate references with her—but that doesn't matter now. Well, I sent her to a place where I was told they cleaned and reset diamonds at a moderate rate—Scruby and Benjamin of Hatton Garden—to be re-set."

"You gave her a note, I suppose?"

"Certainly. She took them, and came back saying that it would take two months at least to make the new settings."

"They sent a receipt for the stones, of course?"

"No. I confess I did not think of that."

"Ah! that is a pity. Well?"

"Well, under ordinary circumstances I should not have wanted the diamonds until after our return to England—we went to Baden-Baden at the end of the season—but there was to be a Court function at which I thought I had better wear my diamonds if they were ready. I told Céleste to write to the firm in Hatton Garden, asking them to send them out to me if they were ready to wear. I thought the girl looked queer when I said this, but she only said, 'Yes my lady,' and went on brushing my hair as coolly as possible. Next morning when I rang my bell the girl was gone! She had had the grace to leave a note behind her, confessing that she had never given the jewellers my letter requesting them to reset the stones, but had sold them, pretending that they were her own, for fifteen hundred pounds. They were worth eight or nine thousand pounds!"

"I suppose you gave information to the police at once?"

"No, we did not. Perhaps we were wrong, but we were told that as the offence had not been committed in the Grand Duchy, it would involve a great deal of trouble to prosecute her and have her sent over for trial, even if she could be caught, which seemed very unlikely, seeing that she had had about twelve hours' start. I thought it would have been better to inform the police, but the Earl was rather against it. He thought it would be too much of a bore, and—I think he was sorry for the girl. You see, he didn't feel the loss of the diamonds as I did!"

"Exactly. But it is unfortunate that you did not prosecute the girl—"

"Will it throw any obstacle in the way of my recovering the diamonds?" asked her ladyship quickly.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," I replied: "but undoubtedly it would strengthen our case considerably if the maid had been arrested. It would have shown more conclusively the bona fides of our claim—but really I apprehend no opposition on that score. My chief fear is that the jewellers may be able to say that they bought them in what is called 'Market Over' or open market, which in London means any open shop."

"Do you anticipate that it will take long—to get them back?" asked Lady Ingledew, a shade of anxiety crossing her face as she spoke.

"It all depends on whether the firm of Scruby and Benjamin are sensible men and whether they employ honest solicitors. The case is one in which a dishonest or not very scrupulous solicitor might lead his client into a prolonged litigation."

"Well, you will do your best for me, Mr. Quillett?"

"You may be quite sure of that. I will write to Messrs. Scruby and Benjamin at once. And I suppose I have your permission to report the loss to the police?"

Lady Ingledew sat for a moment considering.

"I hardly think I should like to do that before speaking to the Earl. He seemed to dread having to prosecute one of our household. I think he holds rather old-fashioned, patriarchal views on that subject, and he seems always rather glad when anyone gets off. Very absurd, isn't it? At any rate, I had better consult him before going to the police about it. But you will get the diamonds back as soon as you possibly can?"

"Certainly. And may I ask what is this girl Céleste like?"

"You mean her personal appearance? She is tall and dark—I should call her rather good-looking—decidedly lady-like."

"She resembled you—a little, that is?" I hastily added, seeing that a cloud was gathering on the Countess's brow.

"In so far as we are both tall and both dark, certainly," Lady Ingledew said quietly and coldly.

"I trust your ladyship will pardon my referring to it," I said in a soothing tone, for I saw Lady Ingledew had not much relished the suggestion that she and her former maid resembled each other. "I merely asked, as I thought it possible that the young woman had passed herself off as Lady Ingledew."

"Oh, no, that would hardly be likely, I should think—but you will let me know at once what Scruby and Benjamin say?"

I again assured my latest client—for this was the first time I had had the honour of acting for any of the Ingledew family—that the utmost expedition should be observed, and bowed her out of the office.

I need hardly say that I wrote that very afternoon to Messrs. Scruby and Benjamin, pointing out that Lady Ingledew's right to recover her diamonds was incontestable, and hinting that the very small sum (£1,500) they had paid for stones worth at least £8,000 would render it the less difficult for them to bear the loss of the jewels. This was a hint that the difference between the real value and the sale price was so marked, that it looked as if the jewellers had acted in the capacity of receivers of stolen goods, and might think themselves lucky if they escaped with the loss of their £1,500 without being prosecuted for their share in the transaction.

On the following day I spent half-an-hour in a place I seldom visit—the Library of the Law Institution. I wished to refresh my memory on the subject of Sales in Market Over. I had looked up the cases and had risen to come away, when I was accosted by a young solicitor whom I knew very well by sight, named Wright. As soon as he saw me, he came up to me and said: "Just tell me what you think of this case, Quillett. A lady comes into a jeweller's shop to sell some diamonds. It is a kind of double shop, the part at the back being divided by a partition three feet high with glass—plain glass—above it. The sale took place in the back-shop. Now, suppose the lady's husband comes along and says: 'These things are mine, my wife had no right to sell them,' or suppose they were family heirlooms, and I had no power to dispose of them, could the jeweller who bought them in the back-shop keep them against all comers, as having bought them in market over?"

"Ah, my dear fellow," I replied, "that is too difficult a question to be a question of law. It is a question for a jury. I should think it is for a jury to say whether the back-shop formed part of the shop or not."

I had no doubt that my friend had been consulted by Messrs. Scruby and Benjamin, and I thought it was only right to him to tell him at once that I was acting for Lady Ingledew.

"Oh, indeed!" said he. "Is it fair to ask you whether there is any opposition to the sale on the part of the family?"

"Opposition! I should think there was! I wrote last night to your clients demanding the jewels back."

"You mean Lady Ingledew's diamonds?"

"Exactly."

"Well, whatever the rights of the parties may be, I think it is very shabby of your people to repudiate Lady Ingledew's action in the matter."

"But Lady Ingledew never sold them!"

"I beg your pardon. She came herself, and drove a very good bargain, I can tell you. It is a question whether six thousand five hundred is not more than they are worth."

"But I tell you Lady Ingledew never went to sell her jewels. It must have been her maid Céleste Charpentier, who passed herself off as Lady Ingledew."

"You don't say so! This will be news to Sparks and Cuttleworth."

"To whom?"

"Sparks and Cuttleworth, my clients, who bought the diamonds, you know."

"But—"

Before I could say another word, Wright's office boy rushed up to him, and whispered in his ear, whereupon he went off without giving me time to say another word.

I went back to my office quite expecting that I should find there an indignant denial on the part of Messrs. Scruby and Benjamin that they had had anything to do with the diamonds, for I thought it was tolerably plain that Mademoiselle Céleste (who seemed to have a perfect genius for intrigue) had given the names of the wrong firm of jewellers to her mistress, on purpose to baffle her advisers, besides telling a lie as to the sum she had received for the jewels. I had, however, discovered the purchaser by accident, and I wrote to Wright's clients, Sparks and Cuttleworth, that evening, repudiating the supposed sale of the jewels, and demanding their return.

My amazement was great, however, when I received on the following morning a letter from Scruby and Benjamin's solicitors, denying Lady Ingledew's right to claim the diamonds, but containing no denial that they had them in their possession. I utterly failed to understand it, and my surprise was not diminished when I received, later in the day, a communication from Wright to the very same effect. Messrs. Sparks and Cuttleworth, like Scruby and Benjamin, set Lady Ingledew's claim at defiance, but did not deny that they held the diamonds. There could not be two sets of stones. The question was, which of them was the real set? It was of the greatest importance that I should know, for one set must be artificial, and it would never do to waste money and bring ridicule upon my client by taking proceedings to recover a set of paste diamonds.

My first step was to send a telegram to Lady Ingledew asking her to call, and she came that afternoon.

I expected that she would be not only perplexed but

enraged, when she heard of the complication that had arisen, but she took a common-sense view of the situation.

"It really seems as if Céleste had victimised those poor people, doesn't it?" said her ladyship, after a minute's thought, "but for my part I am convinced that the girl was really penitent when she made her confession to me. And what motive could she have had in misleading me? None whatever. On the contrary, it was to her interest to tell me the truth. She had everything to lose from my anger, for it rested with me to say whether she should be pursued and apprehended or not, and her only hope lay in my forgiving her. It could not possibly benefit her to shield the jeweller who bought the stones at the cost of betraying me a second time. No; I believe she was speaking the truth, as it certainly was her interest to do; and as she declared that Messrs. Scruby and Benjamin have the diamonds, I should deal with them, and leave the other people alone."

"But I have already written to Sparks and Cuttleworth, demanding the diamonds in your name."

"Really?"

Lady Ingledew's handsome countenance showed more surprise than satisfaction at this intelligence; and as I had certainly exceeded my instructions, though with the best intentions, I thought it advisable to make no comment when the countess said rather sharply that the best way would be to make no reply to the letter I had had from Messrs. Sparks and Cuttleworth's solicitor, but allow the matter to drop, so far as they were concerned.

I promised, however, that I would bring all the pressure I could to bear upon the firm Céleste had declared to be in possession of the diamonds, Scruby and Benjamin; and Lady Ingledew left the office, saying as she went that she was going into the country for a few days, but that letters or telegrams sent to Clarence Gate would be forwarded and would bring her back to town at any time.

I did not forget to write a very firm letter to Messrs. Scruby and Benjamin that evening, but it was not until I was actually on the point of applying for a summons at Bow Street that they yielded. In the meantime I had made some inquiries about this firm, and had learnt that although they were by no means destitute of means, they were not supposed to be above mixing themselves up in a shady transaction if there was a good profit, with a reasonable chance of safety. However, they yielded, rather than face cross-examination at Bow Street, and it was arranged that I should go to their place of business next morning, and proceed with one of their clerks bearing the jewel-case to Clarence Gate, and there and then hand the diamonds over to Lady Ingledew.

That evening, as it happened, I went to a political dinner given at a club to which I belong; and among the guests there was a jolly little red-faced man, whose ready laugh greatly contributed to the success of the evening. Turning to my next neighbour I asked him who the jolly little man with the red cheeks was.

"Don't you know Lord Ingledew?" said my friend.

I said that although I had had the honour of acting for Lady Ingledew on some important business, I had never met his lordship, and my friend good-naturedly offered to introduce me before the evening was over.

When the speeches had all been made, and the toasts all drunk, the guests began to move from their places, and an opportunity arose for effecting the introduction which my friend had promised.

The earl exchanged a few pleasant words with me, and then, for lack of anything better to say, I observed that I was very glad that my efforts to recover Lady Ingledew's diamonds had at last been successful.

"What's that you say! Diamonds? I never heard they were lost!" cried his lordship.

If it had not been at the end of a long dinner I would never have been such a blockhead as to speak of a client's affairs, even to that client's husband. But it never occurred to me that the loss of the diamonds had been kept a secret from Lord Ingledew. I ought to have remembered that there are occasions when even good wives find it convenient to raise a little money on their jewels without their lords knowing anything about it. I stammered out such excuses as I could hit upon at the moment, and tried to back away, but the earl would not let me go. He got me by the button-hole in a corner and held me fast.

"I dare say you know," he said, "that Lady Ingledew and I don't see very much of one another. Fact is, she is too high-toned, as the Yanks say—too Puritanical, as I would put it, for my tastes, and I am altogether too shocking for her. Still we are good friends, in a way, and anything that concerns the family diamonds is of course a concern of mine. So I hope you won't mind telling me what you meant when you spoke of the diamonds being recovered a little while ago. Have they been lost? And how?"

"Well, Lord Ingledew," said I, "I suppose I ought not to have mentioned the matter at all, but Lady Ingledew came to my office to tell me that—"

"When was that?" interrupted the earl.

"About a week ago."

"But Lady Ingledew is in Switzerland."

"I fancy she came over about this affair. It was sufficiently important—"

"Oh, yes; I see. Go on."

"She came to tell me that her maid had confessed that she had sold her ladyship's diamonds, of course without my authority—"

"What! The pious Céleste! That model of virtue and propriety! This is too rich! Oh, Sapphira!" And the earl, who dearly loved a joke, rolled over on the settee upon which he had sank, in an ecstasy of enjoyment. "But it was no joke to steal the diamonds. So my mother came to consult you, did she?"

"Not your mother, Lord Ingledew," said I, smiling at the suggestion that the tall and handsome Lady Ingledew should be the mother of the stout, middle aged man before me.

"But I thought you said that Lady Ingledew had come from Switzerland on purpose," said the earl, evidently puzzled.

"I did not mean the Dowager Lady Ingledew," said I; "I meant the countess—your wife."
"Bless me! The man's crazy! I haven't got any wife, that I know of. What on earth do you mean?"
The room seemed to turn round with me. For the moment I forgot where I was, my bewilderment was so complete. The loud laugh of the earl startled me.

"By the Lord Harry, it's that minx Céleste herself!" he roared. "She's been and taken in the lawyer! Done him down—had him on toast, by Jove! Gone and consulted him as to how she could best steal my poor mother's diamonds. Well, this beats everything—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"
I sat down and rested my aching and stupefied head in my hands. I was aroused by the earl's voice asking me rather sternly whether the stones had actually been handed over to the fair Céleste; and I was thankful to be able to assure him that they had not. All was not lost. On the contrary, nothing had really been lost. The cunning waiting-maid had used me and laughed at me, but I thought she would not laugh much longer. All I had to do was to send a warning telegram to Messrs. Scruby and Benjamin, telling them not to send the diamonds to Clarence Gate, but await further instructions from me, go to Lady Ingledew's house with a detective at twelve o'clock, the hour which had been appointed for the delivery of the diamonds to the false Lady Ingledew, and have her arrested then and there. I sent a telegram to the jewellers that night, and made an appointment with Lord Ingledew to meet me at their office next morning.

Punctually at twelve o'clock, a four-wheeled cab containing Mr. Benjamin, of Scruby and Benjamin, a detective officer, and myself, drove up to No. 20 Clarence Gate.

A decent-looking person, who looked like a superannuated cook, and who was evidently on the premises as caretaker, answered our ring, and told us when we asked for Lady Ingledew, that her ladyship was not at home, but was coming back that day, and was expected to be in every minute. If we were from the jewellers' would we please to walk in. This reply gave me a fresh illustration of the resource of the young woman who had so nearly made me her innocent accomplice. She could not tell the good woman to say that Lady Ingledew was at home, for she knew that she was not; and yet she must have such a message delivered to the representative of the jewellers' firm as would induce him to enter the house.

We were shown into a morning-room at the back of the house, on the ground floor, which had been put into some sort of order. We took our seats, and I gave the accomplished Frenchwoman five minutes to come into the room in one of her mistress's cloaks and one of her mistress's bonnets, as if she had that moment arrived, in the character of Lady Ingledew. The detective and I glanced at each other and smiled. Mr. Benjamin was in a bad humour, as he well might be, for he had lost his money, and there seemed to be very little chance of his ever getting any of it back again. There was little wonder that he sat sulkily nursing the top of his walking-stick, and his vengeance, throwing from time to time savage glances at the door.

The five minutes became ten, and then we rang the bell. The superannuated cook came up at once, and the detective asked her, speaking very sharply, whether Lady Ingledew had come in yet.

"No, sir, she hasn't," was the reply, "but her maid has taken a cab and gone to the station to meet her, and tell her you are here—Gracious me! Lor!"

The good creature was almost overwhelmed by the frantic rush which we three made for the door. The jade had taken our cab, and it is needless to say that not one of us ever set eyes on her again.

The fact was that she had been dismissed by her mistress, who knew nothing about the loss of the diamonds, for some other offence, but as no letters passed between Lady Ingledew and the caretaker, it was a very easy matter for the girl to go and stay at her mistress's house, simply concealing from the caretaker the fact that she had been dismissed, and saying that her mistress had decided to come home almost at once, and had sent her on to have things ready for her. So letters and telegrams addressed to Lady Ingledew had been delivered to the woman without question, for the purpose of being forwarded.

It was some little time before I got at the true inwardness of the Frenchwoman's transactions, but at length a chat with Wright made it clear to me. Being intrusted with the diamonds in order to take them to the jewellers to be reset, she had persuaded her mistress to let her take them to Messrs. Scruby and Benjamin, with whom the maid had probably had dealings before. Instead of telling the jewellers to reset the stones, she had ordered a complete duplicate set of brilliants, the settings being of real gold, but of course the diamonds paste. These she had paid for herself. She had then taken both sets, the real and the false, in her bag, and paid a visit to Messrs. Sparks and Cattleworth.

She had shown them the real jewels, and pretending that she was Lady Ingledew, had offered to sell them. Not satisfied, apparently, with the price offered for them by the firm, she had gone off in a temper, but apparently thinking better of it, she had come back in a few minutes, saying that she would take what they had offered, and had given them the imitation diamonds. They, having seen the real ones only a few minutes before, and not dreaming that an imitation set could be in existence, had naturally been satisfied with a very cursory examination on the second occasion.

That very day she had gone and sold the real gems to the makers of the imitation ones, Scruby and Benjamin, who deserved to lose their money, for they believed that she had had the sham stones made in order to deceive her mistress. It was clever of the Frenchwoman to take in experienced jewellers like Sparks and Cattleworth by means of paste diamonds; but I admired even more her audacity in attempting to get the real stones from the people she had sold them to, by personating her mistress, and in inducing a cautious and respectable solicitor like myself to aid her in her nefarious schemes.

Where Good People Go.

THE Sunday-school teacher had reached a point in the lesson where she was dwelling upon the future reward of those who behaved properly here, when the audacious small boy, who frequents most Sunday-schools, spoke up and asked if all good people went to Heaven.

"Certainly," replied his teacher.

"Well, has my grandmother gone to Heaven," persisted the youngster.

"Surely she has, my boy, if she was a good woman."

"No, she hasn't," declared the fun-loving youngster, "there she is over there!"

The teacher turned to other phases of the lesson.

A Human Life is Lost Every Day on British Railways.

OVER 360 railway trespassers are killed every year in Great Britain.

These accidents arise from many causes, but principally through people who live at some distance from the railway station taking short cuts home along the line.

The railway accidental death-roll is also supplemented by people who have lost their hats and other things en route getting out at the next station, and walking up the line to recover them. It is unwise of a nervous person to walk along the line if his business need not compel him to risk the danger of a railway accident.

Many peculiar details are recorded of these accidents. Two running men practising on the line for lack of other accommodation were turning a sharp curve when they ran into an express coming at full speed, and were killed on the spot.

As a general rule such accidents occur in artificial light, or in the dead of night, as witness the case of an intoxicated man who, walking by the side of the rails, suddenly bethought himself it was bedtime, undressed, and stretched himself across the railway, and was mangled.

Suicides are not included in this accidentally killed list, nor, of course, those killed by train accidents or collisions.

How Business People are Cheated.

OF all frauds those dealing with cheques are the most numerous and troublesome, because so frequent.

Most people pay by cheque nowadays, and so used have business men become to this form of payment that the little tradesman accepts paper perhaps from a casual customer, generally a well-dressed man, just to oblige him and to bring business in. The cheque may be all right, but it frequently happens that it is all wrong.

Hotel-keepers, publicans, and restaurant-keepers have sheaves of worthless cheques on their office shelves marked "not known," "refer to drawer," or "no account." Without running the risk of offending him the hotel manager cannot refuse to cash the cheque of a regular customer—a cheque which may have been negotiated by the customer in the way of business, perhaps. It is presented at the bank, and dishonoured.

There is not a large drapery establishment or retail business house in the West-end which has not some of its drawers full of worthless cheques, representing collectively some thousands upon thousands of pounds.

Near to Oxford Street there is a large retail business house which has been bitten so frequently with cheque-frauds, that on the presentation of a cheque from a stranger, it is slipped out of the house by a messenger and shown to the manager of their own bank. The bank upon which it is drawn is rung up by the first bank, the information is solicited, and, whatever that may be, it is carried back to the establishment and acted upon. If "no account," the person, who has been asked to wait a few minutes, is politely shown out.

Ten per cent. of the cheques at this moment in circulation are worthless.

When a crash comes, or is about to come, upon a man, he generally uses up the remaining cheques in his cheque-book, and cashes them at his tradesmen's.

DOCTOR: "Now remember, my man, three or four drops of this mixture three times a day—and inhale."

Patient: "Be I to take it in four or six ale, guv'nor?"

TEACHER: "The mother kangaroo carries its young about in a sort of pouch—a pocket. Yes, Maggie, what is it?"

Maggie: "What happens when the pocket gets worn out? Does the mother sew it up?"

"HAVE you seen Fuller's play, *Lore's Strategy*?"

"No."

"The dénouement is magnificent."

"What is it?"

"A lover gets a kiss from his prim fiancée."

"Overcome her scruples, eh?"

"No; disguises himself as the Blarney Stone."

LITTLE IN BODY, BUT BIG IN BRAIN.

SOME INFANTS WHO ARE EVEN

MORE PRECOCIOUS THAN YOURS.

IF, as we are told by those who ought to know, man as yet has scarcely advanced a step towards his full development since the days when he first appeared as a rational being upon the earth, it certainly seems as though he were making a good start at the present time.

The new generation is springing up in wisdom with a rapidity which is almost alarming. If the sort of thing described in the following cases is to become general, the old generation will be rapidly pushed aside.

Master Willie Powell is aged twelve years, but he has already been described as a "prominent preacher" for he draws congregations of which a bishop would be proud.

In Wales he has become famous, and conducts services in fashionable resorts, in perfect confidence and entirely unaided. Attired in the orthodox black coat and white tie, he stands up on a box in the pulpit, and gives his ideas upon religious subjects to the extent of forty-five minutes. He is exceedingly popular, and people come from miles away to hear him.

Willie Powell is not, however, the youngest preacher in the world. This honour is carried off by a three-year-old resident of Atlanta, who has the reputation of knowing more about the Bible than anyone else within twenty miles of his home.

This prodigy is named Lawrence Dennis, and is generally credited with supernatural powers. He himself declares that he has been sent into the world to kill the Devil. He holds a meeting three or four times a week, when, mounted on a chair, he preaches to admiring congregations.

The youngest and most experienced globe-trotter now living is, undoubtedly, Miss Dora E. Giffin, a renowned traveller of ten months' experience. Already she has travelled a distance equal to half the earth's circumference, first setting out from Cairo, where her father is a missionary, at the age of seven weeks.

America has two marvels of precocity of whom it is inordinately proud. One of these is the youngest lawyer in the world, Byron House Gilbert, of Atchison, Kansas, a boy of seven who has successfully passed a rigid examination before the Supreme Court Justices, and who is the proud possessor of a certificate of admission to the Bar, to take effect when he shall reach his majority.

Byron is the son of a celebrated American judge, and this, no doubt, accounts for the coolness with which he withstood a cross-fire of the most technical and perplexing questions on difficult law points, from the three Supreme Judges. He was asked how he would handle different classes of cases, and his ideas regarding the proper modes of procedure were in every case agreed to by the lawyers present. Nothing could trip him up, and he was voted infallible.

The other precocious infant whom the Great Continent delights to honour is Willie Gwin, five years old, who holds a certificate of proficiency in anatomy, signed by professors of the leading medical colleges.

This prodigy knows every bone in the human body, and he can tell you everything about the heart, and its complex functions. He is, moreover, familiar with the dissecting room, and has witnessed all the principal operations known to surgery. He has been examined by the leading medical men of the New World, and has generally succeeded in making a profound sensation.

The keeper of a circus which recently visited this country, and which is now showing at Berlin, has found an attraction in the shape of a juvenile lion-tamer, named Little Marie, a child of three who plays with the cubs of a lioness. One day Little Marie lost her kitten, and wandered in search of it through the menagerie; among other places she visited the lions' cages, and thinking that the cubs were prettier than her pet, she entered their inclosure, and began to play with them.

The play was rather rough, but little Marie was not afraid, and when her terrified father realised what was happening, he immediately perceived that the child of three had a wonderful control over the brutes. Since that time this remarkable prodigy has been touring about with the menagerie with her pet lions, and has proved an unfailing source of attraction.

An equally remarkable child is the youngest trick bicycle rider in the world, William Harlow Hoefler, who, it is said, has more control over his small body than any other trick rider living. Ordinary bicycle-riding does not appeal to this precocious infant. He prefers to "coast" down a street with one foot on the handle-bar and the other on the saddle. Or he will pull his front wheel off the ground, and travel along on the back wheel, while he is quite at home in performing such feats as sitting on the handle-bar and riding backwards, or in riding upside down, with his hands on the bars and his feet in the air. He is the son of a well-known trick rider, is aged three and a half years, and has never yet had a serious accident.

The rising generation is rapidly doing away with perambulators, toys and picture books. It prefers to ride bicycles, to play with lion's cubs, and to study the sciences.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

3979. Which Country Names its Warships Most Sensibly?

This question may be viewed from two standpoints: the appropriateness of the designation to the size and character of the vessel, and its identification with the country to which it belongs. If the name of the ship enables the native of the country to obtain an idea of its class, then it is sensibly named. For instance, the *Arion* suggests a dispatch vessel, while the *Majestic* makes us think of a ponderous battleship. All the chief nations adopt this principle, although they do not always carry it out so happily as might be desired; but on the whole Great Britain may be considered first in this respect. But from the other standpoint the palm should be given to the United States, whose warships are chiefly named in such a way as to identify them with the cities and states of the union.

3980. In which Country is Street Traffic Best Regulated?

Taking both quantity and variety of traffic into consideration, the answer must be England, as illustrated by London. Nowhere is the rule of the road so rigidly enforced, and nowhere is so great a mass of traffic so completely under the control of those responsible for the order of the streets. The rule, "Keep to the left," of itself stamps our management of traffic as superior to the Continental system, because it puts the driver's whip-hand on the side away from the pedestrians on the pavement, and is much better for corners and crossings. The traffic of the busiest London streets—through which a careful bicyclist can ride with safety—though difficult here, would be impossible abroad. There are, however, two respects in which street regulations of the larger German cities are distinctly superior to ours. Heavy traffic through certain streets is forbidden during given hours, and the nuisance of cabs "prowl" for hire is not permitted. Were these two rules enforced in London, its regulations of street traffic would be as nearly perfect as possible. As it is, all things considered, there is nothing else in the world to compare with it.

3986. Upon which Form of Luxury are the Greatest Number of Wage-earners Dependent?

The luxury of tea-drinking, for this may safely be termed a luxury, since it is rather a popular beverage than an absolutely essential drink. Tea has become an article of such commercial importance in this portion of the globe as to employ a large amount of shipping, and a correspondingly large amount of capital. This involves a vast number of wage-earners. Not merely, say in this country alone, are there thousands of tea dealers and their assistants, but those engaged on the tea-ships are likewise dependent on wage-earners. Middlemen have to be reckoned with, to say nothing of those who are engaged in various capacities on the plantations. What is true in this country applies to all the European countries. Yet even that conveys no adequate idea of the number of wage-earners dependent on the tea trade.

3987. If Great Britain had to Fight a European Power, with which Country would War be Most Popular?

On the whole, war with Germany would be more popular than with any other Power. Russia may have designs on our Indian Empire, and may now and then menace our prestige, but Germany's rivalry is more keenly felt by the people at large because it attacks our trade, our national life-blood. Since her war with France, Germany has made wonderful commercial progress. She trains her young men for commerce; her sons are everywhere, pushing the sale of her goods; she has invaded our markets and is disputing our trade in all parts of the globe. We all share in the resultant loss. Were Germany beaten in war, it is highly probable that disintegration of the Empire would be one of the consequences; in this event, her

trade would be seriously crippled, and Great Britain would have an opportunity of recovering what she has lost. Whether the commercial men of this country would seize the opportunity is open to doubt; our trade is not suffering entirely because the Germans can beat us by reason of quality or cheapness of production, but largely because we are not properly equipped and are too conservative.

3988. Would the Alleged Discovery of "The Secret of Sex" be Beneficial or Otherwise to Future Generations?

Such a discovery would undoubtedly upset the comparative balance which Nature has maintained hitherto, and it is difficult to forecast the results of a disturbance of that kind. It would seem that the discovery would assist us in this country where the preponderance of the feminine sex creates certain problems very difficult of solution; while in such colonies as Canada, where the opposite conditions obtain, good results ought to follow. It must, however, be remembered that this question would not be considered from the national, but from the individual point of view. "To err is human," and the parental choice would certainly be exercised in a multitude of cases with selfishness and lack of judgment. If it were a matter that could be arranged by international or national law, the result to future generations might be beneficial. As an instance of the far-reaching effects of certain conditions, the remark of Darwin may be quoted. "Maiden ladies often keep cats, and these animals destroy the humble-bees, which are the only insects capable of fertilising the red clover flowers. Thus the decrease of the marriage rate of a district may greatly interfere with the fertility of the clover grown there."

3991. Which is the Most Curious Instance of the Perversion of the Maternal Instinct to be Found in Nature?

Instances of such perversion, apparent or real, are fairly numerous. Many fishes lay their eggs by hundreds in the water and abandon them; rabbits, pigs, and other animals occasionally devour their young, and curious stories are told of cats, after having lost their kittens, having adopted rats and ducks. But probably the best example is furnished by the cuckoo, which generally, if not always, deposits its eggs in the nest of some smaller bird, leaving their hatching and future maintenance to Fate. The perversion here is greater than that of the fish, in which the instinct is, doubtless, dulled by the multitude of its offspring, while the devouring of the young by certain animals is, in many instances, caused by a desire to shield them from injury. The trap-door spider, when she considers that she has done enough for her children, makes a slit in the web and invites them to walk out; those who refuse are devoured. But may not this be due to a feeling that if they are not bold enough to leave home they are not fit for the struggle for existence, and had better be finished off at once?

3993. Which is the Oldest Continuously Inhabited House in Great Britain?

If we include such edifices as the Tower of London in the term "house," we shall have some difficulty in choosing between that building and Windsor Castle. The tradition connecting Julius Caesar with the Tower is doubtful, but both places can be traced back to the Conqueror. Excluding those, the distinction is claimed for Dunrobin Castle, Sutherland, concerning which Lord Ronald Gower made the following statement: "I see it stated that the house at Wallingford, locally known as the 'Jew's House,' is the most ancient inhabited house in the kingdom. That house, however, only dates back to the reign of Edward I. Now, my old ancestral home of Dunrobin Castle was built by my ancestor, a Thane of Sutherland, a century and more before the reign of Edward I. It has been inhabited by the descendants of that Thane without a break up to this day." This is a period of nearly 750 years. Dunvegan Castle, in Skye, is another ancient inhabited house. Part of the building was erected in the ninth century, and there is evidence to show that it has been occupied by the Macleods since 1226.

3992. Has an Act of Parliament ever been Passed Depriving the Sovereign of the Prerogative of Pardon?

Yes. In England, in nearly all cases of crimes the Sovereign has the right to grant a pardon before a trial as well as after; and this act of the Crown stops further progress in the inquiry and prosecution at whatever time it is granted. In cases of impeachment no pardon can now be granted by the Crown while the prosecution is pending, but after the conviction of the offender it may be granted, as in other cases. This is in virtue of the Act of Settlement of the Crown, 12 and 13 William III. Cap. ii. By the Habeas Corpus Act the committal of any subject to prison out of the realm is made a *praemunire*, unpardonable even by the Crown. There is in the same Act an equally emphatic limitation of the prerogative of pardon, as suggested in the question, for the Crown cannot, according to the provisions of the Act, grant a pardon where private justice is chiefly concerned in the prosecution of offenders, or where an informer has, by the information he has brought, acquired a right to part of the penalty. An act passed in the reign of George III. declares that no monarch can pardon offenders convicted of a certain form of Sabbath breaking, and the Act of Attainder, passed by the Irish Parliament in 1689, provided that King James' pardon should be void after the end of that year.

3994. Has the Heir to the English Throne ever been Driven by Necessity to Seek the Aid of a Pawnshop?

Yes; the present Prince of Wales, according to a sketch of his career published some time since, was compelled to resort to this method of raising money on one occasion. Shortly after the Franco-German war he visited the battlefield of Sedan in strict incognito in company with General Teesdale. When the time came to settle expenses at the hotel at which they put up, they discovered that neither had any cash. The Prince was most anxious that his identity should not be disclosed, for French susceptibilities were very keen, and he did not wish to appear to be glorying in his brother-in-law's victories. A telegram for pecuniary assistance would have betrayed the Royal presence; so, after much discussion, General Teesdale went to the local Mont de Piété and pledged his own and the Prince's watches. To raise money from friends and money-lenders by pledging jewels and other valuables was not uncommon on the part of the heirs to the Throne in the early days of English history, and George IV., when Prince of Wales, was often driven by his excesses to adopt this method of procuring the required supply of cash.

3996. Was "Blue Beard" a Mythological or Historical Character?

Neither, wholly, but apparently an inextricable mixture of both. The popular conception of the character of Blue Beard is based on the French tale by Perrault, which has for its hero (or villain) Chevalier Raoul, a fictitious personage distinguished by his blue beard. The substratum of fact is found in the authentic history of Giles de Laval, Seigneur de Riaz, Marshal of France 1429, who is the acknowledged original of Raoul. Patriotic and brave, he was also guilty of atrocious cruelties practised on women and children whom he kidnapped or enticed into his castles. He was, however, clearly not identical in character or appearance with Blue Beard, for there is nothing about children in the fictitious Raoul, and in the description of the historical Laval no mention is made of his having a blue beard. The latter was at length brought to justice and hanged (or burnt alive) at Nantes, in 1440, by Jean VI., Duke of Brittany. Some authorities say that the historical basis of the story is to be found in the career of a certain Count Conomor, who lived in the sixth century. He had several wives, each of whom he killed shortly after marriage. Some frescoes, apparently illustrative of incidents in the life of one wife, were found in a vault in Brittany in 1850.

Result of Football Competition, No. 27.

No competitor has succeeded in naming correctly the results of all the matches this week, but four have only one mistake, and, therefore, the consolation prize of £25 has been divided between them, each receiving £6 5s.

The names of the winners are:

J. W. Duckett, 29 Manor Street, Acrrington.
A. Wheeler, 64 Bridge Street, Workson.
A. Robbs, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
F. Ford, 2 Parkdale Road, Plumstead.

OUR GREAT CRICKET COMPETITION.

In the next number of P.W. the Great Cricket Competition of the season will begin. Tell your cricketing friends about it. Don't fail to secure a copy of P.W. There will be a tremendous rush, and you should order a copy from your newsagent at once.

QUESTIONS.

4021. After whom has the greatest number of newly-discovered places been named?

4022. Which feature of the face least shows signs of old age?

4023. At what period were the greatest number of important battles fought in the shortest space of time?

4024. Which foreign industry derives most support from British customers?

4025. Which popular, as opposed to a legal verdict, has posterity most completely endorsed?

4026. Who was the most formidable personal enemy this country has ever had?

4027. When was England most happily situated with regard to her foreign affairs?

4028. Which was probably the most absurd duel ever fought?

4029. Which is the largest corporate body in the world?

4030. Are there any districts in the world which are absolutely fatal to life?

Ocean

(Empowered by Special Act
of Parliament.)

Authorised Capital - - - - - £1,000,000
Subscribed Capital - - - - - £420,870
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General Manager and Secy.

All lovers of our national game should read "George Giffen's Reminiscences" now appearing in THE ATHLETIC RECORD.

PEOPLE WHO CAN RECITE WHOLE PLAYS.

SOME FEATS OF MEMORY THAT TAKE YOUR
BREATH AWAY.

To be able to repeat long passages from the great works of the great writers of the world is a feat of memory which has never failed to attract and rivet the attention of people less bountifully gifted. Such talented folk have existed throughout all ages of the world, and this peculiar faculty is cultivated to a remarkable extent by certain sections of certain nations of the world. Indeed, the transmission of certain books and poems, even books of religion, have been continued orally from generation to generation.

There seems to be no doubt that the great Homeric poems were so transmitted by one generation of bards to the next, as there is no reason whatever to doubt that in latter times the works of poets nearer our own civilisation have been thus communicated.

Macaulay said that if by chance every copy of "Paradise Lost" were destroyed, he could repair that calamity by writing the whole of the poem from memory.

Similarly the late Samuel Brandram, the famous reciter, was able to repeat play after play of Shakespeare, and that without, as he himself said, making any appreciable effort. Indeed, on one occasion he was asked how he managed to remember so many plays, and not mix one up with another when reciting before an audience.

"I don't remember them," he replied; "they remember themselves." With his death the fashion of reciting whole plays seems to have gone out, or perhaps it is that, being no supply, there is no demand for this mnemonic feat.

At the present time, indeed, there are one or two of the younger actors who are able to rival Mr. Brandram's power, but within a more restricted limit, and they can repeat perhaps a couple of five-act plays. Indeed, not very long ago there were at least a couple of such gentlemen, one of whom recited *Hamlet* and the other *The Merchant of Venice* at different places of entertainment in London and the country.

These feats, however, fade into insignificance beside that of a well-known Italian who only a short time ago undertook to, and succeeded in, repeating the whole of Dante's "Inferno" without making a single mistake. This task was rendered even greater by the fact that he undertook to do it without any stoppage at all, and beginning at six o'clock one morning, he did not leave off until two o'clock the following, a period of twenty hours' active work.

It should be remarked that he was not an actor or reciter by profession and, therefore, had not cultivated his memory in the same way that the members of the dramatic profession do. It may be doubted, however, whether any of them could rival the achievements of the older actors in this respect of memory.

A century ago, when it was the fashion for the play to be changed every night, actors required a remarkable capacity for "memorising," and there is at least one case on record in which a man with a single reading was able to repeat the contents of a whole newspaper, including the advertisements, from the title page to the very last word.

True, newspapers in those days were not what they are to-day, but the strain of attention involved must have been overwhelming, although, no doubt it was something in the nature of a gift similar to that of the calculating boy who may be an idiot in every other sphere of mentality.

BESS (noticing the rooster's spurs): "Mamma, are all roosters born with toothpicks in their legs?"

FAIR WARNING.—Bootblack Billy: "Would it hurt yer feelings if I called yer a liar?"

Ned the Newsey: "No; it would hurt me knuckles."

"ARE there any horseless carriages about here," asked the fresh city bicycle chap of the farmer.

"No," replied the farmer, stroking his chin, "nor donkeyless bicycles either."

AUTHOR: "But why do you charge me more for printing this time than usual?"

Publisher: "Because the compositors were constantly falling asleep over your novel."

MRS. SPLINTERS: "Bill's gal do be turnin' a medium. She be hearin' voices in the upper air, they tell me."

Mr. Hodcarrier: "I hear them every day meself. Sometimes they says 'Mortar!' and sometimes 'Bricks!'"

MRS. NEWLYWED: "I was nervous yesterday because you were out in that terrible thunderstorm."

Mr. Newlywed: "But, my dear, you know I have an iron constitution."

Mrs. Newlywed: "That's what made me nervous. I was afraid you might be struck by lightning."

A Song of Spring.

WITH INTERPOLATIONS BY THE POET'S WIFE.

Oh, balmy spring
(Put on your overcoat),
When cuckoos sing
(Wrap something round your throat)
And lambskins play
(The mint do not forget)
Till close of day
(It's certain to be wet).

When through the grove
(The wind is very chill)
Fond lovers rove
(I hope you won't be ill),
In such delights
(It feels inclined to freeze)
As love excites.
(My goodness! what a sneeze).

On bush and brear
(We'll have a fire, I think)
The buds appear
(And something hot to drink),
Primroses pale
(You've caught a cold, no doubt)
Adorn the dale
(I'll send the servant out).

Fees of Royal Doctors.

SOME of the fees paid by Royalty have been eminently befitting the giver and taker. A well-known physician to the Prince of Wales received for four weeks' attendance at Sandringham during the illness of his distinguished patient from typhoid fever, not only the usual title of baronet, but a fee of £10,000.

Sir Morell Mackenzie is reported to have received more than twice this amount for his treatment of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, in addition to which he was presented with a high order of the Hohenzollerns.

Dimsdale, a prominent practitioner of London in 1765, was called thence to Petersburg to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II., for which operation he received not only the equivalent of £10,000, but an extra £5,000 for travelling expenses, the title of baron, and a life pension of £500 a year.

His Royal Highness the Nawab of Rampur, India, recently paid an English army surgeon £10,000 for a three months' occasional attendance in an ordinary attack of rheumatism. The late Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, often charged £250 for running down from London to Liverpool, and the late Sir William Gull commanded equally high rates for similar services.

A Russian surgeon charged a wealthy notable of Odessa £1,200 for opening an abscess on the hip, the time occupied being about ten minutes. And better still, while on the same visit he took a chance shot at another patient in the shape of a similarly simple operation, for which he received nearly £300 more—certainly enough extra to pay the cost of the railway on his homeward journey.

How a Lady Shops.

THE shop was crowded, and a pretty little lady at last succeeded in elbowing her way to the cloth department.

"Do you keep any of that new waterproof cloth for dresses?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, madam," replied the smiling clerk. "What weight do you prefer?"

"Oh, can you let me see the medium weight?"

"With pleasure," replied the polite clerk pulling out one of the heavy rolls.

"Thanks," said the pretty little lady, "but this is olive green, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk.

"Have you got it in navy blue?"

"Yes, ma'am."

And then the clerk pulled out another of the rolls.

"Would you mind unrolling it a little?" asked the pretty little lady.

"Of course not," said the patient and yet polite clerk.

"How does it look draped?" inquired the pretty little lady.

The clerk draped it.

"And how much do you say this is worth a yard?"

"Six and ninepence three farthings, ma'am," replied the clerk.

"And how wide do you say it is?"

"Double width—forty-eight inches."

"And how much should I need for a dress, do you think?" asked the pretty little lady.

"About four and a half or five yards," answered the polite clerk. "Shall I cut you five yards?"

"Oh dear no!" replied the pretty little lady. "I've already bought a dress of it at the shop across the way, and I just wanted to see if all the young men there told me was right. I'm ever so much obliged to you. Will you be so kind as to now direct me to the glove counter?"

And when the polite clerk finished directing she said she would report him to the shop-walker for incivility.

THE EXECUTION OF MR. RAT.

AND OTHER THRILLING SIGHTS YOU SEE IN
WHITECHAPEL ROAD.

If you walk down the Whitechapel Road, London, on any Saturday night you will find yourself in a new world. You will be struck by the magnificent width of the street, by the wooden inn that blocks up the waste, by the street stalls and penny gaffs which line the roadway, by flaring gas-lights, by densely crowded humanity, and by the odours and the sounds of the East.

A legend bearing the words: "The Execution of Mr. Rat," catches your eye, and you enter your first penny gaff. Properly, a gaff is a ring for cock-fighting; and in the case in question it is a large wooden cage in which Mr. Rat meets Mr. Ferret in a deadly encounter.

This kind of gaff is probably the most popular in Whitechapel Road. It is a relic of barbarism, reminding one of Spanish bull-fights, and on a small scale there is all the same lust for slaughter, and the same excitement in the encounter to be read in the flashing eyes of the coster, and ruffians, Jews, and types of East-end womanhood, who crowd thickly upon one another's heels in the narrow limits of the tent.

A large, white, half starved ferret crouches in one corner of the wooden cage, and the keeper of the gaff stirs it to anger with vicious prods with a skewer. The ferret rushes wildly about the cage, to the immense delight of the gaffers. Then a little side-door is opened, a rat is thrust in and left to its fate.

The rat has an instinctive dread of the ferret, and there is little or no fight; it is all over in a minute. The rat, squealing with fright, darts into the corners and up and down the sides of the cage; the ferret makes a sudden pounce, and a second later a dead rat is hauled out and thrown on the ground.

Then the tent is cleared, only to be immediately packed again by a new batch of expectant sensationalists.

The same scene is repeated again and again; the "Execution of Mr. Rat" is pushed rapidly forward, until the ferret has had enough for one evening, and the prods of the skewer fail to awaken any interest in the rats which are offered him. But even when his repulsion is so great that he can scarcely move, the rats shrink in the corners and are afraid to attack. Perhaps they are too conscious of the fate of the fifteen or twenty rats which lie in a pile on the ground.

The retailers of horrors carry on a flourishing business in Whitechapel Road on Saturday night. The tourist into these regions will notice many penny-gaffs on the sides of which are flaring paintings of the murder of an African slave, or the eating of a missionary. This latter is the source of immense attraction.

The picture represents a crowd of dusky warriors squatting round a huge seething cauldron, out of which the leg of a missionary is protruding. The anticipation of this sight attracts a crowd of men and women, gloating over the horrors of the picture, around the tent.

Within, a few blacked and feather-adorned Whitechapelians squat on the floor around an iron pot, but the missionary is not—presumably he has disappeared down the capacious throats. A hat is handed round—"To convert the 'eathen'" says the gaffer—and when a goodly pile of halfpennies have been collected, a warden is celebrated. A wrestling match and a prize-fight form the next item on the programme, and then the tent is cleared.

I LOVE to see her parted lips,
I love her pearly teeth,
I love to scan her dainty tongue
Within its ruby sheath;
But ah! there is a difference like
The one 'twixt night and dawn—
For when I tell my love to her
I hate to see her yawn.

FRIEND (to Pirate Editor): "What's your favourite card game?"
Pirate Editor's Wife (quietly): "Crib-bage."

ETHEL: "Whatever induced her to marry a prize-fighter?"
Penelope: "So she could wear his championship belt with her new blouse, of course."

"SHE is very frigid in her manner," remarked Willie Wishington.

"Perhaps," was the reply, "but she has a heart of gold."

"So I have been informed. But I am tired of trying to cross a conversational Chilkoot Pass in order to reach it."

EDITOR: "How often must I tell you sir, that I cannot use your verses? Tell me, why do you write poetry?"

Poet: "Ah, Mr. Editor, I wish so much to see my name in print."

Editor: "Then why don't you have some visiting-cards printed?"

Worthy of Note.

MADAME LABOIRE, the wife of Zola's counsel, is English by birth.

IBSEN despises the autograph collector, and recently refused an offer of £19 for his signature.

THE King of Greece when conversing with the members of his family uses only the English language.

THE Shah of Persia has a privilege which he guards jealously—that of having the long tails of his horses dyed crimson for six inches at the tips. Only the ruler of Iran and his sons have this privilege.

OSMAN PASHA must consider himself an honoured man, seeing that the Sultan has at different times given two of his daughters in marriage to the old man's sons. That means that he will look after Osman's sons as long as he lives.

PRESIDENT KRUGER has sent one of his old, well-known hats to Rome to serve as a model for the hat which is to adorn the fourteen-foot bronze statue of himself to be set up in Pretoria. The hat on the statue will be two feet in diameter.

LADY POYNTER, the wife of the President of the Royal Academy, is one of the most beautiful women in London. She and her sister, Lady Burne-Jones, are the daughters of a cocoa manufacturer, and were, in their girlhood, nick-named "Grateful" and "Comforting."

ALTHOUGH you may not know it, your new wall-paper may be the design of no less distinguished a person than the Marquis of Lorne, who lately executed a number of wall-paper and frieze patterns which a London firm purchased and have just put upon the market.

THE Emperor of Japan is very keen on horseracing, although he does not permit any betting transactions to take place on the course. Moreover, he has placed the price of admission to the race so high that only the very best classes can attend. In the Imperial stables there are about 3,000 horses.

KING ALEXANDER OF SERBIA, when only eighteen years old, summoned his Regents to a dinner-party, rose as if to propose a toast, drew a revolver from his pocket, proclaimed himself of age, and dismissed the Regents, whom he locked up all night in the dining-room, while he went round to assure himself of the fidelity of his guards.

GENERAL NELSON APPLETON MILES, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, is not quite sixty, and is a native of the "Westminster" founded by the Puritans in New England. He was only twenty-two when the Civil War broke out, but he was old enough to be commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and to take part in all the battles fought by the army of the Potomac until the surrender of General Lee. He was a Major-General before he was twenty-eight.

THE King of Portugal is not, as monarchs go, a bad King, and has some personal traits which make him popular. He is a magnificent swimmer, and, like his mother, has rescued at least one fellow creature from drowning; while on another occasion when out driving on the outskirts of Lisbon, he jumped out of his carriage, felled with his stick to the ground, and then collared single-handed, a burly highwayman, who was endeavouring to rob and knife a wayfarer.

LORD WALDEGRAVE, captain of that ancient corps known as "Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard," has been transformed into one of the wealthiest peers in the kingdom by the death of Lord Carlisle. He is very popular, and everybody who has come into contact with him will be glad that he has succeeded to the vast estates which at one time belonged to his family. For many years he has held a commission in the London Rifle Brigade, and has captained the English Twenty.

THE Emperor William has shown that he is not free from superstition by changing his mind and deciding that the Empress shall not accompany him when he carries out his intention of going to Jerusalem. It is a strange coincidence that in the case of several Royal persons who have taken their wives with them to the Holy Land, domestic misfortune of some kind has followed the visit. The late Crown Prince Rudolph and the Crown Princess Stephanie went together, and the journey was quickly followed by the tragedy of Meyerling; and there are other instances which the Emperor evidently bears in mind.

COUNT WITTE, the Russian Finance Minister, has the enviable distinction of being regarded as an indispensable man. He has quarrelled with nearly everybody in authority, from the Tsar and Count Mouravieff downwards. He is the most capable man who has ever occupied the post, and has frequently refused to sanction expenditure approved by the Tsar and the Chancellor when he considered that his country's finances did not warrant it. He has incurred the wrath of traders as well as officials, but he remains firm and there is no doubt that if he were not Finance Minister the country would rapidly become bankrupt.

HOW TO MEMORISE THE
CALENDAR IN FIVE MINUTES.

ONE of the most useful things to do for business is to memorise the calendar. This may be done in a few minutes on the plan named below.

Once get the calendar into your head and it will save you an immense amount of time and patience and inconvenience during the whole of the year, for everyone, and especially the business man, is frequently wishful to know (when an almanack or calendar is not at hand) on what day a certain date will fall.

Often enough an important business transaction is neglected or forgotten, or not undertaken, through one not being able to know what day a given date will fall on. Carry the calendar in your head, and no such inconvenience can arise.

By means of the following simple plan the calendar for the year may be memorised in a few minutes. The whole thing lies in a nutshell: Learn the date on which the first Sunday in each month will fall.

This is very easily done. Look at the following sentences. The last word in each line suggests the date of the first Sunday of each month. Thus: "In January you use snow shoes two," that is to say the first Sunday falls on the second. "February valentines are enough to make you sick (sick suggests six)," the first Sunday of February is on the sixth, and so on.

Read the following sentences through three or four times aloud, then put the paper away, and see if you cannot mentally recall them from January to December. The moment the name of the month is recalled the sentence leading to the last word giving the date of first Sunday will be recalled.

CALENDAR FOR 1898.

Month.	Date of 1st Sunday.
JANUARY—In January you use snow shoes...	TWO.
FEBRUARY—Valentines make one ...	SICK (six).
MARCH—Too much March hare will make you ...	SICK (six).
APRIL—In April leaves come on ...	TREE (three).
MAY—A may-pole is like a figure ...	ONE (1).
JUNE—Hot weather for a ...	DIVE (five).
JULY—thunderstorms—Keep from under	TREE (three).
AUGUST—Bank Holiday week contains days	SEVEN.
SEPTEMBER—Always winter comes ...	BEFORE (four).
OCTOBER—pleasant with wings ...	TWO.
NOVEMBER—fog make you ...	SICK (six).
DECEMBER—Christmas Day always to the ...	FORE (four).

Now, having learnt the date of the first Sunday of each month, it is a very simple matter (and it becomes astonishingly easy and simple after a little practice) to calculate from that the day on which any other day will fall. Thus:

Required to know the day on which the 20th October will fall. "In October, pleasant with wings—two." Therefore first Sunday 2nd, next Sunday 9th, next 16th, therefore 20th will be Thursday—four days later.

It is a good plan to remember the days of the week by numbers, from Monday to Saturday, thus: Monday 1, Tuesday 2, Wednesday 3, Thursday 4, Friday 5, Saturday 6. Then add these numbers to the date of the nearest Sunday. Thus: On what day will 25th July fall? "July: thunderstorms, keep from under tree." First Sunday 3rd; next 10th; next 17th; next 24th—Answer: Monday.

A splendid little drawing-room entertainment may be given by anyone having memorised the calendar in this way. You stand before your audience blindfolded ("to show there is no deception, gentlemen"), and ask them the date of their birthdays. As they are called out one after another you can almost instantly tell them on what day of the week they will fall during 1898—a piece of information which they will thank you for, and which they can verify for themselves by the calendar on the wall.

"WHY, you naughty boy, what made you tear up your new picture book?"

"Well—boo-hoo—why does it say on it 'indestructible picture book'?"

THE DUN: "I hope you won't be offended if I remind you that we are very much in need of the money."

THE DUNNED: "Not at all. If anybody's going to be offended, it is yourself."

TEACHER: "Once upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?"

Tommy (after slight hesitation): "Which made the most money?"

In arguing the point, giving instructions to her better-half, teaching the young idea how to shoot, asserting her rights, retailing gossip, saying good-bye, and negotiating bargains, it has been calculated that a woman's tongue travels 5,643,450 yds. 18 in. in the course of an ordinary lifetime of three score years and ten.

These figures are something appalling, and will be apt to make the ordinary young man hesitate before entering the holy bonds of matrimony.

Yet how empty and silent the world would be without a woman's voice.

Thought Out and Patented.

A GERMAN has invented a new method of testing balls for use in ball bearings. The balls are rolled singly down an inclined plane and drop on a steel block, those which rebound over an adjustable gauge in the box being deemed of the right quality for use.

FOR three shillings and sixpence you can now obtain a "Crimicure," which is a sort of combination comb and brush for use in dyeing the hair, or beard, or moustache. Its chief mission is to prevent the dye from coming into contact with the skin, and it may be obtained from chemists.

A NEAT and cheap burglar alarm which will not fail, consists of a rubber bulb to which is attached a tube with a whistle at the outer end, the air being exhausted from the bulb. The tube is then shut in the crack of the door, and, being released when the door is opened, blows the whistle.

A NEW use has been found for the sunflower. The sticky substance which exudes from it has been made into a covering for bicycle tyres. The homely sunflower is rapidly coming to the front as a useful article. Its seed makes excellent food for cattle, its oil is equal to the best linseed oil, and its stalks are a better fuel-producing product than coal.

EVERYBODY admits that the ordinary nose-bag for horses is about the most unhealthy method possible for a creature to take food from, and consequently such an apparatus as that invented by Mr. H. Ransom is likely to be appreciated. It consists of a network bag suspended by a couple of iron rods from the end of the shafts, and may be put on or taken off even while the horse is at the stuffy sack now in use.

It is now customary among the smart set in New York to have dancing between the courses of elaborate dinners. The swell dancing is varied with cake walks, skirt dancing, and other edifying aids to digestion. The possibilities this opens up to people of epicurean taste are simply limitless, and it is also beyond praise as a kind of life-saving measure, as everyone at a long dinner must have some time felt that the next course would be the death of him.

A CERTAIN Canadian has invented an accessory for a bicycle by which the machine becomes locked when the rider dismounts from the saddle. So long as the seat pillar is weighted down with the cyclist the whole machine runs very well. I should think, however, that on a rough road, when the seat pillar is jerked to its highest point, the risk of the wheels becoming locked and the rider thrown is considerably greater than that of the machine being stolen.

ACCIDENT insurance policies have taken many curious shapes, but the limit has been reached where the purchaser of a book of cigarette papers is insured for ten pounds for a period of seventy days. The annual cost of this amount of insurance is about three shillings a year, provided the holder of the novel policy is not a cigarette fiend. The amount of the insurance is specifically set aside for the defraying of funeral expenses in the event of accidental death.

IN the enormous buildings for which most of the American cities are notorious, the purification of the air has been a problem difficult of solution. In some of these structures the air is now pumped into a large room filled with spray from atomisers, after which it is conducted through a series of tubes that remove the moisture, and finally is heated to about sixty-five degrees, and pumped into the apartments where it is to be used. The whole operation is repeated at intervals of three minutes.

A FRENCH chemist has conceived the idea of making wine from the leaves of fruit trees. He thinks that the flavour of the fruit is generated in the leaves, and passes from them into the fruit. To make the wine, he crushes the leaves, and places them in water containing fifteen per cent. of sugar and the necessary yeast for a fermentative. Grape and apple leaves have been used, the work being accomplished in a fermenting vat. When apple leaves are used there is a strong odour of apples as the process advances, and when the fermentation is finished and it has settled, a straw-coloured liquid is obtained, which smells and tastes like the best cider. When vine leaves are used, the results are even better.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so. No CHARGE WHATSOEVER IS MADE.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the editor of P.W., marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.

"The Finest Fishing on Earth." This is the subject of an interesting article in THE ATHLETIC RECORD to be published next Wednesday.

THE TWO FIGHTERS.

Their Relative Strength in Soldiers, Sailors, Money, and Population.

THE question of the hour is without doubt the struggle between the United States and Spain. It must be patent to everyone that to carry on war nowadays, successfully or not, the nations in dispute must be quite sure that their coffers are well-filled, and that they can be replenished if necessary at command.

If money makes the mare to go it makes the horse of war gallop, and it may be regarded as a guarantee of good faith that that nation which has the biggest banking account to its credit stands the most likely chance of winning. Why? Partly on account of the war material market being almost over-laden with all sorts of new ideas and inventions in weapons of warfare, these being devised for the purpose, so to speak, of sweeping whole armies off the modern battlefield, and



Showing the Relative Sizes of the Spanish and American National Debts.

it takes money to buy these awful agents of destruction, unless you want to be annihilated before the fighting has hardly commenced. But war on general grounds is a very expensive matter; hence the following figures relative to the financial and naval and military position of the United States and Spain will be found of interest for the purposes of comparison.

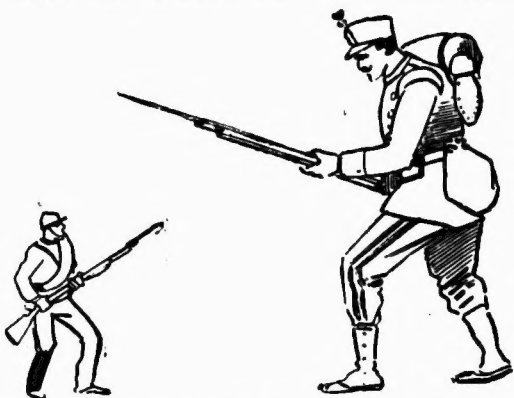
THE NATIONAL DEBT OF THE COMBATANT COUNTRIES.

According to latest official returns—

Spain owes	£353,265,771
America owes... ..	£210,985,348

These figures are astonishing, for while Spain has not a fourth of the population of America, nor anything approaching the fabulous wealth of the same nation she is not quite 143 million (English money) behind her enemy in her national debt.

Again £70,000,000 of Spain's debt has been borrowed at various times to work Cuba with, so there appears



Spain's Standing Army is more than Four Times Bigger than Uncle Sam's.

on the surface more than just a shadow of the reason shown by Spain for refusing to part with Cuba except by the force of shot and shell.

ARMIES OF EACH COUNTRY.

The peace army of America stands at	23,050 men and officers.
" " Spain " "	124,000 " "
To the credit of Spain ...	95,950 " "

But in time of war Spain can command 500,000 (with reserves)
" " United States, at least 1,000,000 (mostly volunteers)

To the credit of United States	500,000 " "
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The Personnel of Spain's Navy is Three-fourths as Great as America's.

NAVIES OF EACH COUNTRY.

Latest official returns give the number of vessels as belonging to the regular U.S. Navy as follows:

13 ironclads.
37 corvettes.
25 small vessels.
75 war vessels of all kinds=12,242 men and officers.

SPAIN.

126 war vessels=22,000 men and officers.

You will therefore place to the credit of Spain 51 ships and 9,758 men and officers. These figures do not



Showing the Size of the Population of the U.S.A. as compared with that of Spain.

include vessels temporarily engaged by either nation for war purposes.

RELATIVE COST OF BOTH ARMIES AND NAVIES.

Notwithstanding that Spain stands stronger in point of numerical strength, America's fighting departments run her into an expenditure of £16,000,000 in English money, as against only about £10,000,000 incurred by Spain.

The difference, which is striking enough to make one pause, is due in a great measure to the low cost of nearly everything connected with the fighting branches of Spain, while the United States has been spending during past years vast sums of money in connection with her navy, while the pay of the soldier and sailor is considerably higher than that of the Spaniard, as indeed are most things in the United States.

A peseta (value about 10d.) will go in Spain nearly as far as a dollar will in the States.

POPULATION OF EACH COUNTRY.

United States	65,000,000
Spain	18,000,000

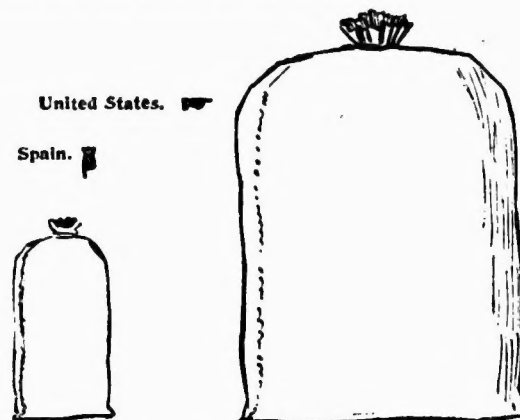
To the credit of the United States 47,000,000

Spain's figures do not include Cuba, Porto Rico, nor the Philippine Islands, her principal colonies.

COMPARATIVE WEALTH OF THE TWO NATIONS.

The wealth of the United States is officially returned at (in English money)	£12,821,000,000
Spain at	£2,516,000,000

From these figures it is clear that the United States is six times wealthier than Spain. The prodigious growth of wealth in the States in thirty years can offer no parallel in the history of the human race.



The Wealth of the Two Countries put into Sacks.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Total for Spain (last returns)—

Imports	£29,366,000
Exports	£31,899,100
	£61,265,100

Total for the United States (last returns)—

Imports	£155,944,935
Exports	£172,610,916
	£328,555,851

It will be seen that the United States was the richer on the last returns, relative to that country's foreign buying and selling, by £264,327,645, over and above Spain's trading balance sheet.

Animadverting to the army statistics of both countries it may be stated that the United States famous military backbone, known as the National Guard, corresponding with our volunteer forces, is 115,060 strong, including 105 troops of cavalry, ninety-seven batteries of artillery, and 1,537 companies of infantry. On the other hand Spain's colonial forces, including militia, are officially given at 236,000. But these armies would only be called up in case of imminent danger; hence their not being included in the army figures already given here and commented upon. The Spanish navy in 1708 was the greatest in Europe, while during the Civil War

in America in the early sixties of the present century 684 vessels, with 4,477 guns, were accredited to the United States Navy.



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WHEN BAD MEN LEARN SCIENCE.

HOW THEY UTILISE GREAT DISCOVERIES TO MAKE
MONEY DISHONESTLY.

"THE Alchemist may be played out," said a well-known jeweller of Bond Street to P.W. recently, "but there are plenty of people, even in these sceptical days, who believe that science will yet discover a means of manufacturing gold."

"A customer of mine, for instance, firmly believes that it is possible to get gold out of lead or copper. His theory is, that as all things tend towards their own perfection, it necessarily follows that all metals must be tending to become gold, which is the purest of all metals."

"The gullibility of these people, of course, renders them an easy prey to the swindler, the paraphernalia of the chemist's laboratory being all that is necessary to fire the imagination of the dupes."

"I remember a gentleman calling himself Count Kearney, coming into my shop and confiding to me in a stage whisper that he knew a gentleman who had discovered the secret of manufacturing gold."

"This, of course, gave me a great shock, not of pleasure but of pain, for gold, if it could be manufactured, would at once become less precious than iron, and not nearly as valuable as copper."

"At his request I went with him to a hotel in Dover Street and was there introduced to a Mr. G. Pinter, who, after a short conversation, invited me to his bedroom, the table in which was covered with bottles, crucibles, a number of instruments, and a most imposing oxy-hydrogen furnace."

"When he told me that he could turn one sovereign into four he almost took my breath away, and when he further said that, by means of a process just perfected, he had discovered the Philosopher's Stone, which would enable him by distillation to manufacture large quantities of the elixir of life, I began to wonder what he took me for."

"Can you make the gold now?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, and he did, for on my giving him a sovereign he melted it and presently returned me a piece of gold four times as heavy."

"They then declared that if I would take Pinter into partnership and make over to him the entire business in eighteen months, they would before the expiration of that period make me gold to the value of twenty millions."

"Pretending to assent I arranged to provide 40,000 sovereigns in a couple of days, on the understanding that they would turn them into 160,000."

"That's the man," I said to the detective at Scotland Yard when he showed me a photograph of Pinter.

"I thought so," was the reply. "The fellow has made thousands at this game, his victims, strange to say, being mostly bankers."

"Two days later we met at my laboratory in Clerkenwell. But for the fact of the ceiling being perforated, which enabled the detectives to note what was going on below, we should have failed to corner the rogue, as the chemical the rascal burnt raised such obnoxious fumes that I had to retreat to avoid being choked."

"How did he turn 40,000 sovereigns into 160,000? A little silver and lead were used to hasten the experiment, the fellow said, but not a word did he utter about a golden powder which turned out to be some of the gold dust used for decorating china."

"Whilst stirring the contents of the crucible the detectives distinctly saw a quantity of this dust pouring out from his coat sleeve. As soon as this modern magician had turned forty sovereigns I had handed him into a lump of gold worth £160, the detectives arrested the pair, and they were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment."

In the course of inquiries P.W. lighted on a most ingenious fraud which some time since reduced quite a number of confiding people to beggary.

This scientific fraud was called the Electric Sugar-Refining Company. The scheme originated with a Professor Friend, who came to this country from America to obtain the capital necessary to develop his invention, which was to produce sugar by electricity. One of the victims has kindly furnished me with particulars of the scheme.

Samples of the sugar were shown, but the process was kept a profound secret to avoid its being stolen. Instead of this reticence inspiring suspicion, the eagerness to purchase shares became so great that a limited liability company was formed, with a capital of £200,000 in 10,000 shares of £20 each, the investors being mostly religious people living in Birmingham and Liverpool.

So implicitly were the statements of Professor Friend believed, that the £20 shares at one time were actually sold for £117. After some delay in consequence of the death of the professor, a mill was built in America, and a representative of the English shareholders, who numbered 600, went out to report on the prospects of the company.

This gentleman was first escorted to the top floor, where he saw bags of coarse, dark brown, common, raw sugar emptied into funnels in connection with the floor below.

Then he inspected the ground floor, where he saw quantities of white sugar being discharged from spouts issuing from the floor above. It was, of course, extremely cheering to be told that the machinery in the two middle floors refined the raw brown sugar at the rate of four barrels a minute, but it would have been more reassuring had the manager explained the exact process to him.

This—although they permitted their visitor to stand outside the door on the second and third floors and listen to the reverberations of the crushing machinery—they emphatically refused to do, declaring it would be madness to even patent it, let alone disclosing it to shareholders.

But the conspirators found their match in the next gentleman sent from England. Although the officials pointed out that as the machinery could and did refine 4,000 pounds of sugar in forty-five minutes, the invisible should be as satisfactory as the visible, the agent thought otherwise, and one night broke open the forbidden doors and found that the coarse brown sugar when emptied into the slots, simply fell on the floor below, where it remained till work was over, when it was gathered up by the gangs and taken upstairs to be used over again.

The sugar which issued from the funnels on the ground floor, was refined sugar purchased out of the Company's money.

To lessen the risks of discovery, only one workman was concealed on the first floor, his duties being to drop the refined sugar into the funnels, and keep the crushing machine constantly filled with stones. When the news reached England the shares dropped in twenty-four hours to 2s. 6d.

Not long since a very ingenious gentleman roused the cupidity of his friends by producing some papers which had belonged to a dead miser, and which declared that the said miser, shortly before death, fearing robbery, had buried a large quantity of gold and precious stones in a large iron pot near the centre of a certain common.

The excitement evoked by this announcement was so intensified when a mineral rod said to possess unfailing powers of divination was produced that a syndicate was immediately formed, the shareholders, who evidently regarded themselves as persons of great astuteness, stipulating that before subscribing the necessary sum, the powers of the divination rod should be just tested.

This was agreed to, and when the rod—which was a curious mystic-looking instrument with two prongs, which the operator had to hold so as to keep it in a perpendicular position—deflected when the believers came to a certain part of the field, the enthusiasm when the digging revealed a bag of gold was so great that they were not content till they persuaded the owner to sell them the rod outright.

Having no further interest in the matter the vendor sailed immediately for America, to the disgust of his dupes, who a week later were anxiously inquiring of the police as to his whereabouts.

"DID the hanging occur without a bungle?"

"No. There was a delay of half-an-hour after the noose was adjusted because the cinematograph broke down."

SPOTTS: "I might have won a couple of tenners from Hicks last night."

LOTT: "And didn't take the chance?"

SPOTTS: "No, I hadn't the heart—needed one more to make a nap-hand."

"WHAT sent that dog away howling so?" asked the squirrel.

"Oh," said the porcupine, "he was looking round for information, and I kindly supplied him with a few points, that is all."

MRS. SHRILL: "So you won't get me that new bonnet?"

MR. S.: "No, I won't."

MRS. S.: "Very well, then; I'll go to every temperance meeting that comes here, and people will think the reason I am not decently dressed is because you have taken to drink."

MUGGER (the minstrel): "I thought you told me that 'Joe Miller's Jest Book' was a celebrated work?"

BOOKSELLER: "And so it is."

Mugger (contemptuously): "Well, it ain't! There's nothing in it but chestnuts—some of them my own jokes."

"MOTHER," said Harry Higgins, "Mr. Trivett sent his little boy on an errand to get a hundred things, and Jimmy didn't forget one."

"That the right kind of boy to have," replied Mrs. Higgins. "I wish you were like him, because you always forget one or two."

"But I could remember all the things Mr. Trivett told Jimmy to get."

"What were they?"

"A hundred postage stamps."

This Dog Eats Money.

A MAN at Narbonne, France, lost a 100-franc note in a funny way recently. He was in a restaurant and took the note from his pocket to pay for his dinner, when, as the note lay upon the table, a gust of wind flapped it into his plate.

Taking it out, he placed it on the edge of the plate to dry, whence it slipped to the floor.

Just then along came a hungry little poodle, sniffing at the note, he got a good whiff of the money, snatched up the paper and swallowed it. The owner of the note then sued the owner of the poodle for 100 francs, and the courts have decided that the latter must pay.

You Should Speak Correctly.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Frances, "I've had such a wearying ride. I had to pump up my bicycle so often during the afternoon."

"Indeed!" said Ethel, "I've never pumped up my bicycle once since I've bought it."

"Well, you were lucky to always have some man to pump it up for you."

"No, that isn't it, either. It has never been pumped up, although I've had it a year."

"I never heard of a bicycle which didn't require pumping up frequently. You must have remarked the tyres never to need inflating."

"Oh, I have to inflate my tyres, but that was not what you said. You spoke of pumping up your bicycle."

How to Cook an Elephant's Leg.

THE flesh of the elephant is eaten in its entirety by several African tribes. The rough outer skin is first removed in large sheets. Beneath this is a subcutaneous, pliable membrane, from which the natives make water-skins. The elephant yields large quantities of fat, used in cooking the natives' sundried bilongo, or dried strips of elephant's flesh, and also in the preparation of vegetables.

African explorers—white men, that is to say—agree that one part of the elephant's carcass—when properly cooked, is a succulent dish that will regale the most delicate taste. This part, very strangely, is the leg, just below the knee, which one would suppose to be the toughest part of the animal.

To prepare the joint a hole three feet deep is dug in the earth, and the sides of it are baked hard by means of large live coals. Most of the coals are then taken out, and the elephant's foot is placed in the rude oven. The hole is then filled with mud, tightly packed, and a blazing fire is built on top, which is kept replenished for three hours.

The foot is thus evenly baked, and when done instead of strong, tough meat fibre, it is of a gelatinous consistency that may be eaten with a spoon.

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All cyclists should—in fact, must—read the **ATHLETIC RECORD**, which contains stores of useful information and chatty articles on the wheel. Read the "Cyclists' Note Book."

STARTS TO-DAY.

STARTS TO-DAY.

Contraband of War,

By M. P. SHIEL,

Author of "The Man Stealers," "Prince Zaleski," "Empress of the Earth," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A GENTLEMAN OF SPAIN.

"Dick" P. Hocking weighed, stark naked as he was born, thirty-two stone. When he put his left hand behind his back, and cocked up his thick, short, right leg at Wall Street, with the intention of sending the biddings up, and by hook or by crook of "getting there," you saw solidity. He was a sort of monument in flesh, conveying a tremendous suggestion of heaviness. He did not look like a man; he was like a Brooklynian paper-weight.

His right leg was not really short, as we have said; he was in reality a tall man, only he looked squat in proportion.

His two jaws seemed to hang on his shoulders. In addition he carried a broad, thick beard, and above his superfluously large body a small bullet-head, flat behind, of which the hair was always cut as short as a convict's.

His face was not an ugly one; it was only a distinctly vulgar one, like everything else about the man.

He was one of the shrewdest men in the world. Sometimes, early in the morning, he would leap out of bed, blow through a whistle in his bedroom, send his hoarse, rasping voice through a tube, and do a deal that would set New York and Throgmorton Street talking for a week.

When he took a dislike to a broker, to a fellow-speculator—and "Dick" P. Hocking was apt to take strange dislikes—it was, in general, woe to that broker or speculator. He had once suddenly appeared on 'Change, and, off his own bat, cut up three months' fine paper 2½ per cent. for the purpose of smashing an operator who had unconsciously thwarted him in a Greek Monopoly deal.

It was admitted that the price of silver was a matter depending on the will, or the whim, of "Dick" P. Hocking. In Washington his back-stairs influence was enormous; for who did not know that Hocking, at a critical moment, had thrown his huge weight into the McKinley scale, and that had it been otherwise, things might have been otherwise also?

This powerful man, for whom the world, like some golden or silver palace, seemed to have been specially built, had a thorn in the flesh. Other rich men, to show that perfect happiness is not for man on the earth, suffer from weariness, from anxiety, from disease. From all this Dick P. Hocking was absolutely exempt. But he suffered from the thorn in his flesh.

This thorn was called—Immanuel Appadacca.

Immanuel Appadacca was a man whom Dick P. Hocking had never seen. Yet Hocking hated him worse than poison.

The man whom Hocking had seen, and whom for a long time he thought he hated, was Josef Campos. Then, quite suddenly, by a mere chance, he got to know that Campos, the visible, was only the hand, the agent, of Appadacca, the invisible.

So often had Hocking been crossed, and whipped, and outwitted by this unseen power, this mysterious *deus ex machina*, that at last it might be said that the one remaining object of his life was to destroy it.

Who was Josef Campos? Everyone knew. Who was Immanuel Appadacca? No one could say.

The two known facts about Appadacca were these: that he must be fairly rich; and that he possessed the swiftest ship in which a man had ever crossed upon the deep.

Now, it happened that, about six months before the outbreak of the war between Spain and the States, one Señor Canalejas, a Spanish Minister of Justice and of Finance, had come to the States; and in an interview with the President at Washington, had been told that the desire of America was to see an autonomous government in Cuba and assistance given to the "Reconcentrados"—though, of course, the States recognised the sovereign rights of Spain. Nothing more.

The interview, however, got abroad. And the consequence of this hint of the President's was an immediate slight slump in Spanish on 'Change, everywhere, quotations going down from 57 1-8 to nearly 55. And the next day Josef Campos was reported to be realising largely in Mexican Internals, Peruvians, and American Railways.

To meet pressing liabilities? It was an inference! Hocking snapped his doughty fingers. Spanish bonds, then, were the weak point of Immanuel Appadacca.

It was not certain; but he was in the state in which men jump at conclusions. It was a least hint of light in the absolute darkness which had tormented him for seven years.

He already possessed in Cuba considerable territories of tobacco and cane estates. And that night Dick P. Hocking slept in a Pullman, bound for Washington.

He plumped for war, or at least for a war-scare—and he had enormous power.

If he had not a right to determine how Cuba was to be governed, who had?

In the exciting months that followed down crept "Spanish" on every Bourse in the world. They reached 45; they reached 40.

And the more Dick P. Hocking and a whole train of smaller men under his thumb plumped for war, the more isolated became the position of Josef Campos, and the more guessable his embarrassments.

But whose-soever was the brain that inspired him, Campos was well inspired. On February 23rd, when the anticipation of trouble and the fear of dear money had already led to a heavy fall in high-priced securities, Josef Campos at three o'clock suddenly disposed of a large handful of South American steam-ships, which were promptly taken up by Hocking; and the whole of the funds realised by Campos were in half-an-hour invested in Argentine railways.

During the evening the news reached New York that a boat of the Rio-Buenos Ayres line had been mysteriously sunk—"by Valparaiso buccaneers," it was said; and the immediate consequence on the opening of 'Change was a slump in South American steam-ships, and an unwonted activity in the land-traffic market. By the coup, Campos realised two millions, and Hocking sunk five, and took it badly.

It was anticipated now that Josef Campos would not hesitate to dispose of the evidently large amount in Spanish bonds which he held. These were daily sinking lower, and it was assumed that so shrewd an operator, seeing the heavy selling from Paris, and probably himself in touch with the Spanish Government, could not remain blind to the rotten financial position of Spain. But Josef Campos sold not a single Spanish bond.

"Suppose I believe in them?" he said to a financier friend, who wondered at his pertinacity.

"But—" "I have that right you know. Every man must judge with his own eyes. Besides—I am the servant of another." "Ah—in that case. But could you not advise your chief of the patent facts?"

Campos smiled. He was a tall, thin man with a brown face and silver-white close-cut hair—though he had not reached middle-age. His beardless face was handsome, his manners distinguished, his eyes dark-blue and restless.

"No," he said, when his smile was over, "I never advise my chief."

Yet, in his heart, he was anxious; confident, in the long run, in the unflinching brain on which he relied, but anxious for the near present. Again and again, by the receipt of secret information, for which it was impossible to account, he was able to startle the market during February, March, and the beginning of April with successful deals. And yet he was like a man whose back-bone is touched with disease—as a financier, he had become ataxic.

"Spanish" was his backbone; and "Spanish" was going, going.

Then he did what he had said that he never did, he advised, and he received an answer which he remembered to his dying day.

The next day he received a message from the ex-Queen Isabella, stating that, on this side, war had definitely been decided upon. This was on the 12th of April. He at once sent the information to Appadacca.

Appadacca wired: "You are very simple. Please discover date of sale of land on Guiana-Venezuela frontier by Calves. Want to buy. Make private offer."

Campos knew that the vast piece of ground in question was in the market, or would shortly be; but he rubbed his eyes, the land was of no present value, it would require many millions of money to develop its resources; even if his chief was able to purchase, his fortune was in no condition to be "plunged" in wild speculations of that sort.

But he did not hesitate. He at once attended at the branch firm in Brooklyn, to hear that the Calves would in no case part under 5,000,000 dollars; but probably would not part at all except by way of public auction. However, the branch telegraphed to the head firm at Caracas that an offer had been made by Appadacca. And by night Richard P. Hocking knew of it.

Now, Hocking had no conception of the motive of Appadacca in aiming at the acquisition of this particular tract of ground; but he knew two things: that Appadacca had never yet, on any single occasion, allowed himself to be out-bidden in any object which he desired; and he knew that the business concern represented by the names of Campos and Appadacca must fall, if pushed.

He determined to bid, it was of no importance to him how high.

For the money sunk, he even had a plan how to recoup himself.

He was a connoisseur in ships, was Dick P. Hocking. His thousand-ton composite yacht was a luxurious thing, capable of twenty-three knots, and good for the eye to look upon. But she had been designed by hirelings; and the *Huelca*, which he had once seen in Boston harbor, had been designed by the brain of Immanuel Appadacca.

This ship had seemed to him dainty as a tender lily looking up in surprise at the world from the water-side; lying at anchor in the sea, she conveyed the impression of a young doe the moment before it starts, affrighted, into running.

To put his hands into his pockets and bulge his broad hips into a greater breadth on the deck of that ship, Dick P. Hocking thought would be a good thing.

And there were precious few things in this world desirable in his eyes which, in the long run, he did not possess.

He brooded so continuously in secret over this whim that, in the end, his eagerness to walk the deck of the *Huelca* took equal place with his eagerness to crush the man who had so often cost him dear.

But though on pleasure he was bent, he had a frugal mind. War was coming; whoever else did not know it, he knew it very well. America wanted ships, and was buying them; and how good a thing would the *Huelca* be to America in that day! He reckoned on his fingers the millions which she would fetch.

He would charter her to the Government, he promised himself: he would not sell her.

He made a bid by telegram of six millions for the Venezuela-Guiana territory; and this lay for some days on the files of the firm of Calves.

He had had many friendly relations with the firm; and now, guessing his motives, they did him a good turn—and themselves also; they telegraphed that bidding was likely to be brisk; it was rumoured that Immanuel Appadacca had suddenly appeared at his castle among the mountains west of La Guayra. He was likely, therefore, to be present in person at the auction; so that nothing less than the personal presence of Dick P. Hocking, or of a fully authorised agent, in the auction room, would be likely to secure him the territory in question.

Hocking looked about him, rushing through a limited area of New York in quest of certain knowledge. Had Campos sold any "Spanish"? No. At what were "Spanish" now? As low as 38. Had he time? Yes—he had even two days to spare.

He telegraphed to the *Union* at Rahigh's Bay, and on alighting from his train at St. Augustine in Florida, met her there. That ponderous bulk was light and full of motion.

And now events developed rapidly. First there came the settled conviction of the public that nothing could avert war; active preparations began in the States, mobilisation of troops and militia, registration of Volunteers both for army and navy, and the purchase of ships; then the squabble between the House and the President and imperious messages from the President to the Spanish Government; the break-out of a definite war-fire in long-sleeping old Spain; then the Resolutions of Congress and the signed Ultimatum.

"Spanish" fell to 37 1-8.

CHAPTER II.

IMMANUEL APPADACCA.

It was true that Immanuel Appadacca was at his Venezuelan chateau.

He was writing a Spanish madrigal in an apartment overlooking the sea at three in the afternoon of the 20th of April, when an ivory card scribbled with the words: "The *carrosse* awaits. Your Excellency" was dropped through a slit in the porphyry wall upon a table near his hand. He glanced at it, and continued to write.

Here the hot sweltering sun came in in mellowed rays through blue and scarlet-tinted glass, making tolerable to the eye the blaze of splendour with which the apartment was adorned.

From the gaudily mosaiced floor to the torrents of copper-coloured draperies that rolled in thick luxury from the entablatures, to the hundred ornaments of gold and ivory and malachite that crowded the net large apartment, there was poured forth a suggestion of princeliness that blinded and made dizzy the imagination. A soft sound of far-off music, the source of which was not visible, breathed through the apartment.

Far below lay glittering in bright sunlight a sheltered bay, readily accessible to the chateau by steps cut zig-zag down the cliff side.

In appearance Appadacca was one of the most striking of men. Pallid, with ink-black hair—but under the pallor a

a certain suggestion of dachshund which could not be readily fixed and described; some remote ancestor of his had, in fact, been an Indian squaw, and this trace, mingling with the highest caste of the blood of Seville, still showed in his wan visage.

He was rather below the middle height, with a well-knit, compact, erect figure.

The whole man was extremely finely-wrought, beautiful in a high degree. Of his face, in moments of perfect calm, the riveting feature was the lips, well-chiselled, pale, and marble in the firmness of their pressure. When he spoke it was the eyes that caught the attention; they lit up into a species of flaming dominancy.

He had been left rich on the death of his father; but tiring of a life spent wholly in seclusion and study, he chose to direct from his various palaces about the world what was known as the House of Campos.

In character, in thought, in aspiration, he was intensely Spanish.

At his name, the Queen Regent, the people in the inner circle of the Court, the Ministers, smiled with a certain mild indulgence. His ideas, like the ideas of all men, somewhat above the crowd, had in them a savour of wildness.

The question which puzzled him always as a boy was this: Why was not Spain great among the nations? She had been!

She had still all the elements of greatness within herself: a large home-territory, rich in the good things of the earth; her sons were proud, and nimble, and brave; they had over-run and dominated the world—yet now Spain had become a by-word, a synonym for weakness.

Afterwards, he definitely decided the origin and secret of this mystery. Spain had been first made great, and then destroyed, by one of her own sons: Columbus.

He had discovered America, and old America had made Spain the mistress of the world, and now America has made her its reproach.

He saw clearly how this was so: Spain in reality was a maritime power, a colonising force. To her there now remained Cuba and the Philippines whose sceptre once stretched over the earth, and whose sons gave their names to continents.

Still from the Rio Grande del Norte to Cape Horn all that great world of Central and South America was, in feeling, Spanish, or Portugo-Spanish, in feeling, in speech, in habit and instinct.

And at the thought of the ultimate destiny of that great continent, even when a boy with ripening thought, he shuddered.

Instead of beautiful old Spain of the hidalgos—the Monroe doctrine. Instead of the mellow and musical reign of great Ferdinand—the encroaching paw of Dick P. Hocking.

Absorption of the beautiful by the ugly—slow but sure—this was Destiny.

Later on, he began to find pleasant the dream of a greater Hispaniola, strong at home, and, once more, a Continent abroad. The dissipation of the little republics of South America, and their aggregation into one vast flourishing colony of Spain—it became his vision.

He had seen all the world. His learning, his beauty, his gaudy and mysterious way of life had made him the chief figure at courts, at mosques, in secret cabals, in the conclaves of revolutionists. From China to Chili he had investigated the world: and nowhere had anything struck his imagination as being so beautiful as Spain, or as being so ugly as—"the States."

The passion of his youth was for the beautiful; its detestation was for the ugly.

Though a Spaniard (Venezuelan by birth and descent) his motive was not patriotism. It was something greater—his ideal of the beautiful.

He conceived that nothing whatever was of half so much importance to the actual world of the nineteenth century as the conservation of the small residue of the humanly picturesque which still remained to it.

When the Venezuelan dispute arose, he bitterly resented the interference of America; England encroached—but the United States encroached still more in raising her voice to check the encroacher. She had no right to raise it.

The outbreak of the Cuban war opened his eyes to one fact; that the chief misery of Spain was her impecuniosity.

Poor nations can no more command the respect of their colonies than poor men of their servants. Cuba broke from her leading-strings, mainly because they were rotten.

And now his vague dreams all at once froze within him into definiteness. What was wrong he saw; and how it could be remedied he saw also.

At this time he devised the *Huelva*.

She was a craft of two thousand five hundred tons, of steel and wood, with a belt of Harveyised nickel steel, as though made for the express purpose of warfare.

During the period of her building the ship had been, what she was destined to continue—an enigma.

Was she a yacht—or a ship-of-war? While she lay upon the stocks in the Union Iron-works of San Francisco this had been the question of rare privileged sight-seers.

The vague answer to these questions was that she was "a composite vessel" designed in person by a Venezuelan millionaire for his private use.

Some looking at her lithe sheer, her entrancing suggestion of swiftness, said "yacht." Others pointing to an armour belt six feet deep, and three inches thick—to five torpedo-tubes, one in the stern above the water-line, and four below—to the complete armoured deck at the water-level extending from stem to stern, two inches thick on the flat part, five inches thick on the slopes, and tapering at the ends—and they promptly said "sloop of war."

For the rest, she was constructed on the usual system of double-bottom, connected with water-tight flats at stem and stern, thus extending the double bottom to the extremities of the ship.

If there were no visible guns, there were, at least, visible on her main deck eight casemates, and on her upper deck six, armoured with six-inch Harveyised nickel steel of the size usually constructed for carrying 12in. or 14in. quick-firing guns, and fitted with the usual dismantling and stowing gear.

As to these casemates, a singular contrivance had been adopted. They had been made water-tight on the inner as well as on the outer side. The men, therefore, who crewed the possible guns would be protected from explosive shells between decks by the inner shields; and also, should a gun-post get damaged, between-deck spaces would be insured from the irruption of water.

There was no part of the ship upon which the minutest forethought, the adroitest cunning, had not been lavished—and with forethought and cunning, wealth.

Upon her engines, above all, an extravagance of care was expended in their manufacture, in their adaptation. The boilers, twenty-two in number, were of the latest type of Belleville, and the engines triple-expansion, driving twin screws. The thickness of deck over engines, boilers, and magazine spaces was doubled.

On the day of her launch she lay upon the water a unique thing.

She combined the formidableness of a battleship with the buoyancy of a duck; she was the last triumph of shipbuilding; in the same entity was the lightness of foot of Asahel, and the strength of Samson; she was force wedded to frivolity.

There was something almost secret about her building; there was something mysterious about her launching; there was something *bizarre* and unguessable about her movements.

She was manned by a crew gathered from nearly every region of the globe, gathered by Appadacca himself and gathered under circumstances the most unexpected, the most *outré*. One of her stokers was a Chinaman, condemned to death for murder in Pekin, for whom Appadacca had purchased a substitute; another of the crew was a Cockney street *ganin* who probably owed his rather enviable position to a pair of brisk blue eyes; the captain of the ship was a Maltese Mediterranean-coaster, a rough man of little education, yet a born sailor,—he had fought side by side with Appadacca in a village-fray among the Western Sicilian mountains; the first-lieutenant was a nobleman of Andalusia, royally connected, poorer than Lazarus, prouder than Lucifer; three were Chilean contrabandists, chosen each of them at a different time, under quite different conditions, with varying motives; there were many races, Irish, Peruvian, Half-caste, Catalan, Basque, Arab—but there was no "American."

The only hint of uniformity of nationality on board the ship was to be found in the fact that the predominant language was Spanish. By such men as those called by Appadacca from the world a language was readily learned. The Cockney and the Chinaman swore at each other in Cockney and in Chinese, and obeyed in "the language of the gods."

Could anyone have looked into the hearts of this crew and seen how there the image of one man lay enshrined and worshipped, he would at once have arrived at some sort of conception of the strong personality which swayed them.

The movements of the ship, as of her master, were incalculable and unknown. At the hour of the blowing up of the *Maine*, the *Huelva* lay, without her master, in a creek outside Havana harbour; and half-an-hour after the explosion steamed away. Since then she had appeared neither in Spain nor at Taranto where Appadacca owned a *Palazzo*, nor at Venezuela.

Sometimes for weeks Appadacca buried himself in the gloomy luxury of a cabin, where a shimmering flocc of liquid-looking cloth-of-gold carpeting the floor, mingled with paintings of David, and the uncouth grotesques of old Egypt, and the chaste carvings of Greece, in a rich *bizarrie* of pomp; his presence on board being at such times known only to the greater part of his crew by mouth-to-mouth rumour. Sometimes again she cruised for months without him.

Suddenly, on the very day when General Woodford left Madrid, and, at Washington, Señor Polo de Bernabo applied for his passports, the rumour spread through Caracas and La Guayra that the *Huelva* was lost.

It was the day when the stretch of land contiguous to the boundary line in dispute between Britain and Venezuela was to be disposed of at public auction by the Calvos. Some hours before the sale it was said that the wreck of the ship had been seen upon some rock-islands a long way down the coast, near Cumana.

The details were explicit; the news was eagerly discussed. If it were true, dark clouds must overshadow Appadacca's sky. Spanish bonds were at the lowest quotations yet reached.

Sharp at four the auction was timed to commence; and as the clocks struck, the buzz of the crowd in the room died suddenly into perfect silence. Appadacca entered.

The place was full, many people having come merely to get a sight of the face of this man. It was a third-floor apartment at the back of the Calvos office, without flooring or furniture, save a chain by which the auctioneer stood, and a table with writing materials.

It was a picturesque, somewhat squalid, gathering of men, quite Spanish-American in character—sombrosos, ponchos, hide-boots, colours, dirt.

Appadacca wore a tunic of very thick, plushy dark-blue velvet, with rough woollen stockings, and a wide hat, pinned with a dagger of gold, the rim rather concealing his face.

The sale on his entrance began without delay.

The auctioneer, in a hurried way, read out the specification, ending with the words: "And now, gentlemen—"

By the side of the table stood an old man, the head of the firm of Calvos; and, near him, Appadacca, holding in his hand a bundle of script and title-deeds.

A hoarse, rasping voice was heard:

"I offer seven million pesos."

Appadacca slightly nodded toward Señor Calvos, said:

"Eight."

The crowd parted into a wide lane for the passage of great bulk of flesh which now moved forward into a small open space. The eyes of Dick P. Hocking lay down at last upon Appadacca as from a citadel.

Hocking said:

"Nine."

And Appadacca said:

"Ten."

Both were apparently calm. Except that Hocking's chest and abdomen heaved somewhat largely in the taking of his breath. Appadacca, as he callously raised the bid figure by figure, in the merest whisper, examined, one after another, the papers in his hand.

Hocking put his left hand into the pocket of his enormous trousers, and he cocked forth his short-looking, ponderous right leg; and, fetching a breath from the side of his abdomen, he said:

"I offer eleven million pesos."

And Appadacca, turning his leaves, in the merest whisper, said:

"Twelve."

(To be continued.)

To the North Pole in a Submarine Boat.

AN ARCTIC AUTHORITY EXPLAINS.

MEN of science are never baffled by failure. Seeing the hopelessness of forcing a surface ship, even like the superbly equipped *Fram*, to within feasible distance of the Pole, even under such expert guidance as Nansen's, scientific men have almost despaired of that means.

André has tried the resources of the air, with what result nobody knows.

Another scientist comes forward with a fresh suggestion for reaching the North Pole, and this at a time when polar exploration seems most dubious.

This gentleman propounds the staggering theory that the Pole can be reached by submarine navigation. He believes this is the greatest use to which the marvellous invention of modern times can be put.

The torpedo boat, as a submarine vessel, is the pride and toy of all navies, and of all scientific men, and, says the scientist in question, why cannot the principle be applied for navigating the much-discussed North Pole?

The distance from the edge of the ice cap to the Pole is only 500 miles. By plunging down beneath the rough, icy covering that has hitherto baffled all efforts to overcome, and steaming in the smooth water for sixty hours, the goal is reached.

The depth of the ice below the surface is only a few feet. Nansen found that out, yet so difficult is it to travel over that no explorer can do more than crawl a day. Why not go under the ice where there is no obstruction? The submarine boat provides the answer. It is the best plan for reaching the Pole which has yet been put forward.

It is proposed to navigate in the ordinary way as far as Spitzbergen, the most northerly port in Europe, from which André started on his balloon trip. Then on to the edge of the ice-pack. Ahead lies the "unfrozen" ice. The rest of the journey must be made under cover in one bold dash. The Polar submarine boat will go at ten knots an hour under water. In about forty hours the base of the Pole would be reached, and the discovery accomplished.

Even if it should take much longer the party would not be inconvenienced, for by means of a supply of compressed air and an apparatus for generating oxygen, they could, at a pinch, stay four or five weeks under water. The boat would be equipped with an apparatus for boring holes through the ice to the surface. Through this opening, by throwing up a ladder, they could go to the surface as easily as a sailor runs up a mast.

This arctic boat will also be provided with the most powerful search lights, in order to illuminate the dangerous depths of unknown seas.

This new scheme is also advantageous in another way. Instead of being in a temperature where mercury freezes most of the time, the party would be surrounded by an element that does not go below 32deg.

HARVEY: "George said he kissed you. Did he?"
Flora (ambiguously): "Not much."

PLACER SAM: "I hear Klondyke Kit had a fight over his bill at the doc's!"
Bill-the-Bute: "Yes. He got some dust in his eye and the doctor took it out."
Placer Sam: "What was the row?"
Bill-the-Bute: "The doctor wanted to keep a bill for it for his bill."

THIS is what Mrs. Rivers said to her husband:
"Tell your friend Brooks to come to our little musical next Thursday evening."
This is what Rivers said to his friend:
"Brooks, the club my wife belongs to has arranged to have a Wagner disturbance at our house next Tuesday night. Trump up some other engagement, old man, and send regrets."

Turning Babies into Money.

JOHNIE, a bright boy of six, while being dressed for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he admired, turned to his mother and asked her:

"Mother, is father rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnnie. He is worth two millions and a half."

"How, mother?"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at a million, and the baby at half a million."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said:

"Mother, hadn't you better tell father to sell the baby and buy us some clothes?"

He Would Get Help.

THE teacher of a school of city arabs in Glasgow, after expounding to his class the parable of the good Samaritan, put the following question:

"What would you do if you saw a man or a woman lying in the street or road, wounded and bleeding, like the traveller described in the parable?"

The question seemed a puzzle, and no answer was given. At last the teacher, addressing a bright-eyed urchin, said:

"What would you do, Archie?"

Archie thus directly addressed, promptly replied:

"I would rin for the bobby."

Ready for It.

"WAR, sir, war! Of course I'm for war!" exclaimed the American, as he looked up from the big portmanteau he was packing. "The honour of our country must be upheld, and I'm preparing for war now. It can't come any too soon to suit me; I'm ready, sir! No procrastination, no dilly-dallying for me!"

"In about an hour I will be on a train speeding north or north-west—I'm not just sure which, sir—and I want to say now that if any skulking Spanish man-of-war or torpedo-boat comes fooling about Forty-mile Creek, in the Klondyke region, this summer, it will find me prepared, sir."

"Yes, sir, I will be ready to fight, sir, and Cuba shall be free, or we'll know the reason why."

Quite a Nasty Trick.

A WELL-KNOWN man—a staid and serious bank manager—was passing by the Liverpool Town Hall a few mornings ago when he noticed a well-dressed man hurrying towards Castle Street. They reached it together, and then the young man looked at him with a nervous start.

"Oh, sir," he gasped, "will you please call my friend for me? She is crossing the street. I—I have lung trouble and can't shout."

The elderly man looked where he pointed, and sure enough there was a young woman with bright feathers in her hat just crossing the road at a brisk rate.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Ethel."

"Ethel!" shouted the bank manager.

The young woman with the feathers was almost across, and she didn't turn round.

"Ethel!" he roared again.

This time she stopped and looked round, and the excited old gentleman motioned to her.

When she came across, the elderly bank manager was turning round to receive the thanks of the young lung-troubled man, but he had gone! Then there was trouble.

GENERAL: "How was the battle to-day?"

Aide-de-Camp: "All well, but a Colonel had seven bicycles shot from under him."

"WAGNER is not so bad, after all."

"Why?"

"They say he has never written anything that can be whistled."

"BUT the worst of cycling is, that it brings one into contact with all kinds of people."

She (thinking of her bruises): "It certainly does. Especially the first week or so."

SOLDIER: "Is your father at home?"

Boy: "Yes; but I say, if you're one of them soldier fellows what's enlistin' people fer fightin' you'd better take ma. Why, great scissors, she kin lick pa with one arm tied behind her."

It was the first time little Archie had been taken to church.

He eagerly watched the minister ascending the pulpit steps.

He also saw the minister's head bob over the pulpit and then disappear.

Turning to his father, the urchin audibly queried:

"I say, father, is it gawn to be a Punch-and-Judy?"

WEDDING WHITTINGS.

ONLY one out of every 1,000 married couples live to celebrate their golden wedding.

AMONG the Kols of Central India a sham fight always accompanies the wedding ceremony.

IN Persia, a bonfire plays an important part in the marriage ceremony, the service being read over in front of it.

LONG engagements are rather expensive affairs in Russia. The bridegroom-elect is expected to send his fiancée a present every day.

Two deaf mutes were recently married in the United States by a clergyman who propounded the important questions by the aid of a typewriter.

WHILE the wedding service is proceeding in Japan the bride kindles a torch and the bridegroom lights a fire from it and burns the wife's playthings.

IN ancient Greece, a law provided that if a man divorced his wife he could not subsequently marry a woman younger than his discarded partner.

IN New Guinea the single young woman lets her hair hang about her shoulders in all its glory; but immediately after marriage she must have it cut short.

THE Swedish bride fills her pocket with bread, which she dispenses to everyone she meets on her way to church, every piece she disposes of averting, as she believes, a misfortune.

IT is a common Asiatic custom for the bridegroom to give chase to the bride either on foot, on horseback, or in a canoe. If the bridegroom catches the fugitive he claims her as his wife, otherwise the match is broken off.

ENGLISH brides are becoming more cool and self-possessed every day. It is different with the man. On several occasions a wedding has been postponed through the indisposition of the bridegroom, and not long since one of these heroes was wrapped in wet sheets, and kept in a quiet, dark room to settle his "nerves."

WHEN a marriage takes place in China, the wedding party enter the temple and light a quantity of fireworks, including a number of crackers. This is supposed to wake the "Great Joss" from his sleep. The priest repeats the service at express speed, the bride and bridegroom take two little glasses of wine, and are then declared man and wife.

THE Bayanzi, who live along the Upper Congo, have a strange custom which makes life a burden to the married women. Brass rods are welded into great rings round the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women whose husbands are well to do weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried by the wretched creatures as long as they live.

NUMEROUS instances are on record of runaway marriages in which a brass ring has played the all-important part, and the legality of the ceremony has never been questioned. In some cases a piece of hurriedly-tied string has answered the same purpose, as have also circles cut out of card or paper, but the most popular substitute for the golden circle seems to be the key of the vestry door.

ON her wedding day, the Danish peasant girl wears a simple crown of myrtle with her national costume—varying with the district, but always charming—and pots of myrtle are carefully cherished by girlish hands through the long winters, in anticipation of the great event. Her sole heirloom is the great oaken dower chest, heavily clamped, and often finely carved, that holds her goodly store of linen.

IN Thibet marriage is considered a very difficult and troublesome institution. It only takes place in wealthy families. The eldest son in a family marries, and the younger brothers are looked upon by the wife as so many junior husbands. Although the Thibetans are not subject to jealousy in the proportion as other nations are where polygamy prevails, yet the junior husbands generally find it inconvenient to share matrimonial bliss with their elder brother, so they generally take the hint—and their departure.

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THE great success of our trips to Paris throughout the summer months of last year have led us to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son to repeat the scheme during the coming summer.

Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling via Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning.

Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing the necessary amount in postal orders.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for another attractive tour for readers of P.W. This tour will occupy three days, starting from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the Battle of Waterloo.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing £2 in postal orders.

The above figures are for third class only. Full particulars on the subject can be had from this office.

Wanted to be Ready.

SERVANT: "I've come to give notice, ma'am, as I am going to get married."

Mistress: "Indeed, Mary. How long have you been engaged?"

Servant: "I ain't engaged at all, ma'am."

Mistress: "Well, who is the happy man?"

Servant: "You know the big shop down the road. Well, the shop-walker looked at me the day before yesterday, and yesterday he smiled, and to-day he said 'Good morning,' and I expect to-morrow he'll propose, and, you see, ma'am, I want to be ready."

Not the Sort she Thought.

THE superintendent of a hospital lately related the following dialogue with a female out-patient:

"I beg your pardon, doctor," she said, nudging up to me and speaking in a sort of stage whisper, "but do you think I ought to go on being a vegetarian?"

"Why not, my good woman," I asked jokingly. "If it agrees with you, I see no objection. You don't think your broken arm was caused by want of meat, do you?"

"No, doctor—it isn't that; but—" and she whispered still more mysteriously in my ear—"they tell me I've got 'haricot veins' in my legs, and I wondered if it had anything to do with my eating beans."

Forgiven.

"CLARA," said William Wharton, as he placed his arm round his wife, and looked down into her eyes, "I have a confession to make to you, and I want you to promise, before I begin it, that you will forgive me."

A wild fear took possession of her. She placed a little white hand upon her heart, and would have fallen if her husband had not held her up. Her face became livid, and she could only gasp:

"Tell me—tell me what it is!"

"I cheated a man out of £60 to-day," he said. "Can you, darling—can you forgive me?"

The colour came back into her cheeks, her lips parted in a glad, sweet smile, she rested her head against his breast, and looking fondly up into his eyes, said:

"Oh, Will, dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed the typewriter girl!"

When He Fell in Love.

"JOSEPH," said Mrs. Hunkerly, "I want you to tell me truly when you first began to love me."

"It was at the ball the Upperton's gave," he replied.

"Ah, yes," she sighed. "I remember it well. What a fine time we had there! How lovely the music seemed as we floated round, and how delightful everything in the world seemed to be. Do you know that I first began to really and truly love you that same night?"

"I thought you did, darling," he answered.

"Yes," she went on, "I couldn't help thinking how much handsomer you were than any of the other men, and how noble you seemed. Tell me, dearest, what you remember best about me as I appeared that night. Was it the dress I wore that made you fall in love with me, or did you happen to discover then that I was beautiful?"

"I don't remember what kind of a dress you had on," he answered, "and I had discovered long before that you were beautiful. But you were so hoarse that night that you couldn't talk."

"I NOTICE the Society people of London amuse themselves getting up family trees."

"Yes, and their Simian forefathers did the same thing."

"THERE'S no use in your crying," said Mr. Pnceer to his wife, who had asked him for money wherewith to buy a new hat. "You won't get it. There may be gold in sea-water, but there isn't any in tears."

IF you analyse the sound that emanates from the average able-bodied bag-pipe you get the following result:

Chants of the cricket, 2 per cent.; steam whistles, 3 per cent.; grunting of hungry pigs in the morning, 5½ per cent.; voices of infant puppies, 6 per cent.; cats on the midnight tiles, 11½ per cent.; big flies on window, 72 per cent.

"HAVE you any objection to telling me, my friend," asked the philanthropic visitor at the gaol, "what started you on your career of crime?"

"No, sir," answered the hardened villain behind the bars. "It was a fondness for taking pictures."

"Amateur photography?"

"No, not so bad as that," rejoined the villain with a momentary gleam of anger in his eye. "I burglarised an art gallery."

The Lost Provinces.

HOW VANSITTART CAME BACK TO FRANCE.

A SEQUEL TO "AN AMERICAN EMPEROR."

By Louis Tracy.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A REVERSE.

WHEN the Kaiser struck he struck "with mailed fist." The physical and mental collapse of his powerful rival gave him time to formulate his plans and opportunity for their development.

During Vansittart's period of weakness it was General Daubisson's duty to attend to the needs and disposition of the army, and Daubisson's essential principle of strategy was to await the enemy's attack, according to accepted theories of warfare.

But the German Emperor had learnt something of the Kriegsspiel as played by his opponent, so the flanking movement carried out in force by Kreuznach was only intended to blind Daubisson's eyes to its real intent.

It succeeded perfectly.

Early in the afternoon Daubisson and his staff hurried away northwards to the village of La Chapelle. In their eagerness to drive back the unexpected intruder, they placed far more men in motion than was absolutely necessary. The whole French army buzzed with excitement and conflicting rumour.

About four o'clock Arizona Jim perpetrated a colossal mistake in the French language, a mistake the consequences of which went further than a mere outrage on French grammar and pronunciation.

Jim had made some slight progress in the diplomatic tongue under the tuition of a red-checked and black-eyed waitress employed at the hotel.

When Jerome and his wife had poured forth tumultuous narratives of their sufferings and fears, they changed roles and Evelyn became the nurse.

Vansittart expressed a desire for a hearty meal, but this she would not hear of.

"What you want, dear," she said, "is sleep, much more than food. Take a little wine and some biscuits, go straight to bed and sleep until you wake of your own accord. Then you will be yourself again. I will lie down in Marie's bed, and I challenge you to eat more than I do at supper-time."

He smiled acquiescence, but first went to the door of the little sitting-room and called Bates.

"Jim," he cried, "go outside and see if anything is stirring. Ask if there is any news. I want to rest for some hours."

Jim soon came back.

"There's nothing fresh, gu'nore. All the talk in camp is that General Daubisson has lost his hat."

"Lost his hat!"

"Yes, an' a rare fuss they're makin' about it—chaps gallopin' like mad. I shouldn't have thought they'd kick up such a shindy if it had bin his head."

The millionaire looked puzzled, but he was already nodding with sleepiness. He lay down without undressing and was soon as one dead, so utter his fatigue, so overpowering the exhaustion of reaction.

What Jim had heard was that Daubisson had lost La Chapelle, but the difference between "chapelle" and "chapeau" was far too minute for the unpractised ear of the Texan.

Meanwhile, as the day wore, some desperate fighting took place in the north. Kreuznach's strong and determined force was not to be denied. Careless of all odds, the Germans carried position after position, until, when night fell, they were wholly surrounded by the huge masses set in motion against them by General Daubisson.

At last it seemed that the invaders must be annihilated, and the stout little Frenchman was congratulating himself on having won a notable victory. Kreuznach was fairly caught in a trap. Let the blue-bottle struggle ever so fiercely, he must be crushed in this all-pervading web of men and guns with the first beams of returning day, as the staff reported that the Germans apparently intending to hold La Chapelle during the night.

A brilliant idea then occurred to Daubisson.

His own men, no less than the Germans, were spent with the fight. Why not, during the few hours of darkness, assemble a fresh force of 40,000 troops and carry La Chapelle by a superb assault at dawn? Such a body, eager, high-mettled, anxious to show their comrades why they had been kept in reserve, would simply sweep the invaders into nothingness. The combination of this great action would be the chief event of the war.

True, he would be compelled to weaken the French front, but what did that matter? The Kaiser had evidently played Kreuznach as his trump card. He, Daubisson, would now show that he held the ace.

So the aides rode forth, and the German Emperor's plan was made more easy than he had ventured to hope.

For Wilhelm, at that moment, was attending to the final disposition of eight strong columns, which, marching by parallel roads, and acting quite independently of each other, were destined to cross the Moselle, fall upon the French lines at midnight, throw the whole French army into disorder, and make clear the path for two army corps to advance from Metz at daybreak. Kreuznach was instructed to maintain his dogged hold on La Chapelle, and

the Emperor believed that if the combined scheme was even partially successful, he would be able to throw back the shattered and dismounted French army across the Meuse.

The hours passed and men marched through the darkness, yet Vansittart slept.

Arizona Jim kept anxious vigil at the door of the Cheval d'Or. He well knew that an action of some magnitude was in progress on the left flank, as the incessant cannonade and roar of magazine rifles betokened the numbers of men engaged.

So he bethought him to take counsel with the aforesaid serving-maid as to the exact facts bearing upon General Daubisson's hat.

Then he quickly discovered that it was a large village, and not his headgear, that had been taken from the worthy Commander-in-Chief, and with the knowledge came the reflection that his master's slumbers, excellent though the purpose they served, might not be the best thing that could happen in the interests of France.

Should he wake him to allow the indomitable spirit to force the weakened body into the saddle, and snatch the army from peril or possible disaster? Jim was well aware of the powerful reasons that obtained on both sides of the torturing question, so he turned for guidance to Armand.

Marie had constituted herself maid to Madame Vansittart, and positively refused to leave Gravelotte without her mistress, so the pair still tarried in the village.

Armand was quite fluent in the English tongue, and expressed his opinions with an air of conviction that satisfied Bates.

"Wake M. Vansittart? Not for worlds. He is a great man. His rest is more important than other men's actions."

"But things seem kinder unsettled," urged Jim. "Everybody is dancin' about like a turkey on a hot plate."

"That is a national characteristic, my friend. Excitability is the fundamental cause of French genius. It is the same with the Americans."

Armand's philosophy was lost on Jim.

"I guess nit," was the rapid answer. "If this crowd hailed from the States it is the Germans that would be doin' the quickstep."

The war correspondent of the *Gaulois* rode into the village en route to the telegraph office. He drew rein in front of the inn.

"Where is M. Vansittart?" he cried.

"Within," answered Armand.

"What is he doing?"

"He sleeps."

"Sleeps, when such a battle is in progress?"

"A battle can take place any day. Vansittart has not slept for a week."

The correspondent laughed.

"Well, it is all right, I suppose, as Daubisson has got the Germans in a tight corner."

He went on to dispatch his message, and did not forget to add to the gossip of the past few days about the millionaire that, during the long-deferred action, he slumbered peacefully in the Gravelotte inn.

A staff officer clattered up in furious haste. "Where is M. Vansittart?" he demanded.

"Monsieur," cried Duprés, "the question becomes monotonous."

The officer, believing that Armand's civilian attire betokened a secretary, roared at him: "Confound you, where is he?"

Armand's steel-blue eyes sparkled. He took a cigarette from a case, moistened it with his lips, and answered with a jerk of his thumb: "Within."

"Then take him this dispatch from General Daubisson," and the new comer tossed a folded paper to the other.

"I thought as much," observed Armand, speaking to himself, as he struck a match, applied it to the paper and lit his cigarette.

"Mille tonnerres!" shrieked the aide-de-camp. He leapt from his horse too late, for the charred remains of the document were fluttering to the ground.

"What have you done, you rascal," he hissed, as something in Armand's face restrained him from the physical violence he contemplated.

"Saved your general from an indiscretion."

"How, miserable one?"

"Daubisson blunders when he speaks; he commits a crime when he places his thoughts in writing."

"The general, in that dispatch, announces a great victory."

"Impossible, unless the Germans have evolved another Daubisson," and Armand turned on his heel as though the matter were worth no further discussion.

When, late at night, Jerome awoke to find Evelyn bending over him, it was with difficulty he realised his surroundings. He thought at first they were back in their summer home in the Adirondacks, and gazed with wonder at the queer old-fashioned furniture of this village public-house.

But Evelyn's sweet voice restored his wandering senses, and he sprang up to clasp her in his arms with an alertness that showed the efficacy of Nature's only restorer. Though pale and attenuated from the strain of recent events, his mind had regained its normal balance.

Could the French troops have seen him at that moment they would have shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" with all the old vigour. As it was, they believed him to be broken-down and half demented. They were forgetting the wonders of the past in the delays, the uncertainties, the weaknesses of a few doubtful hours.

And, whilst the army of France swayed in its allegiance to the one man capable of leading it to victory, the Kaiser was silently preparing the most terrible and effective blow yet struck in fair fight during the campaign. Of both these elements of disaster Jerome was happily unconscious. He only knew that Evelyn, whom he thought dead, was alive, nay more, tremulous with joy in his arms.

Madame Vansittart and Marie had long been superintending the preparation of a meal to which Jerome and Armand were now ready to do full justice.

Another messenger had arrived from Daubisson, and at the time the General's missive reached the right person.

It read: "As announced at 3 p.m., I have sent Kreuznach's corps at La Chapelle. At this hour, a complete cordon is established, whilst the 7th, 8th, 11th and 17th divisions will march forthwith to take up positions for an early assault."

"I have made full arrangements, and these cannot be altered in any way, but I will keep you informed of every so that you may understand movements of troops which might otherwise seem inexplicable to you."

Jerome read the second paragraph twice and smiled temptuously. It was his first conscious intimation of a new aspect of affairs.

"Daubisson speaks of a German force surrounded at La Chapelle," he said to Armand. "Have you heard anything of this?"

"Yes," said Duprés. "I lit a cigarette with his announcement of the fact."

"Indeed," Jerome lifted his eyebrows in mild surprise. "But how comes it that the Germans are established in that village, the very heart of our left flank?"

"Exactly because they desired to get there. Daubisson thinks they have lodged themselves there to enable him to smash them with ease at daybreak. That is just what Daubisson would think, and what they know he will think."

"Then this successful attack by Kreuznach is simply a prelude to a larger effort elsewhere?"

"That is how I regard it."

Jerome started to his feet. "It must come direct from Metz. Where are these corps stationed that Daubisson is moving to-night? Surely not at the front?"

He hastily searched among his papers for the parade state of the army. The last supplied to him was three days old.

Evelyn, watching her husband, saw his lips tighten and his brows knit.

"What is it, dear?" she cried, coming to him.

"Only this, my sweet, that the worst curs are those ready to bite the hand that feeds them. I am going to teach them the art of fawning to-night."

"But what has happened?"

"Simply this: That a few days of neglect on my part have made my staff forget their duty. By Heaven, it will not occur again!"

Strange things happened at that period. Jerome, after regaining his senses had lost his temper.

(To be continued.)

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Look out for our new Cricket Competition next week—and tell your friends all about it.

Our Big Chess-Nut.

THE majority of our Readers adopt as their fifth move in Game 1, Bishop to Knight's third, and in Game 2, Bishop to Queen's third. Mr. Bird replies in Game 1 with Pawn to Queen's fourth; and in Game 2, with Queen's Knight to Bishop's third.

Among the best moves for us in continuation are: Kt to K 2, or Kt to Q B 3, in Game 1, and K Kt to B 3, or P to K Kt 4 in Game 2.

In this Bishop's Gambit the fourth move of the defence determines the course the game will take, so that our games have now entered an interesting phase. As the great Morphy played 4. P to Q 4, and Anderssen and other German Masters 4. P to K Kt 4, we can feel that at present we are in the best possible company in both our games.

The games now stand as follows:

GAME 1.		GAME 2.	
Mr. Bird.	P.W. Readers.	Mr. Bird.	P.W. Readers.
1. P to K 4.	1. P to K 4.	1. P to K 4.	1. P to K 4.
2. P to K B 4.	2. P takes P.	2. P to K B 4.	2. P takes P.
3. B to B 4.	3. Q to R 5, ch.	3. B to B 4.	3. Q to R 5, ch.
4. K to B sq.	4. P to K Kt 4.	4. K to B sq.	4. P to Q 4.
5. Q Kt to B 3.	5. B to Kt 2.	5. P. takes P.	5. B to Q 3.
6. P to Q 4.		6. Q Kt to B 3.	

WHEN a woman truly loves her husband she likes to hear him snore.

BAGGS: "It is said that Dame Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

JAGGS: "Well, it was her daughter, Mis-Fortune, who called on me."

"THE doctor would like to see you inside," said the maid to the caller in the reception-room.

"Not much!" said the startled patient, "he can't try any X ray on me."

"WHAT is a sanguine disposition, Uncle Christopher?"

"Sanguine disposition? Well, it's your mother, Bobby—thinking she can pound a picture nail into the wall with a banana."

"No," she declared severely; "the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

"I beg to assure you," said Stillwell, without hesitation, "that I shall in future never think of partaking of a brandy and soda without a straw."

Result of Portrait Competition.

No. 1.

ALL the celebrities whose portraits were given in P.W. for April 16th, seem to have their "double," with the exception of Countess Spencer. Curiously enough not one out of our hundreds of thousands of lady readers thinks she resembles her.

The photo which most nearly resembled the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, was sent by E. MELVILLE, 88 Nightingale Road, Wood Green.

The photo which most nearly resembled Miss ELLER TREBY, was sent by Miss P. MELVILLE, Dunbar, Wornit-on-Tay, Fifeshire.

The photo which most nearly resembled Sir HENRY IRVING, was sent by IVAN HILL, 34 Scarsfield Street Edge Hill, Liverpool.

The photo which most nearly resembled the PRINCE OF WALES, was sent by J. J. ACSTIN, 75 Holywell Hill, St. Albans, Herts.

The photo which most nearly resembled the QUEEN OF GREECE, was sent by Mrs. BROWN, 20 Lochland Street, Arbroath, N.B.

The photo which most nearly resembled Mr. GLADSTONE, was sent by C. HALPS, Well Lane, Beverley, E. Yorks.

The photo which most nearly resembled LORD WOLSELEY, was sent by E. H. BYCROFT, Laurel House, Vicarage Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.

A cheque for a sovereign has been forwarded to each of the persons mentioned.

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Why We are Right-handed.

PRIMITIVE man being by nature a fighting animal, fought for the most part at first with his great canine teeth and his fists, till the process of time added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillelah.

He also fought, as Darwin has conclusively shown, in the main for the possession of the ladies of his kind against other members of his own sex and species.

And if you fight you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body, or, if you don't, natural selection manages it for you, by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, or hand-to-hand combatant, that most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well-delivered, on the left breast, will easily kill, or at any rate, stun a strong man. Hence, from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with, and have employed the left hand chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offence and defence supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart for defence the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilised life takes its beginning. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull, and paved the way at last for the supremacy elsewhere.

For when weapons came into use, the habitual employment of the right hand to grasp the spear, sword, or knife, made the nerves or muscles of the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the left.

The dexterity thus acquired by the right—see how the word "dexterity" implies this fact—made it more natural for the early hunter and artificer to employ the same hand preferentially in the manufacture of flint hatchets, bows and arrows, and all the other manifold activities of savage life.

And to the end the right hand remains especially "the hand in which you hold your knife," and that is exactly how your children to this day decide the question which is which when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical purposes.

As Good as New

Stockings, Feathers, Gowns, Cloaks, or other articles dyed with

Diamond Dyes

will retain their colour, no matter how often they are washed or exposed to the sun. A package of Diamond Dyes costs only sixpence, and plain directions for using accompany it. No previous experience is necessary to get the best results. Sold everywhere, 3d. and 6d. packets.

A dainty booklet, "Successful Home Dyeing," and forty samples of dyed cloth, sent free. Address:

DIAMOND DYES, 31 & 32 Snow Hill, London, E.C.



10/6 Allen Foster & Co. 10/6

SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES

The "ALFOSCO" Costumes are acknowledged by thousands of delighted Customers to be very far superior in make, style, and value to any Costumes ever offered to the Public at anything approaching the same price. ALLEN FOSTER & CO., the London Manufacturers, are the SOLE MAKERS of the world-renowned "ALFOSCO" Costumes. The public are cautioned against buying imitations. All orders must be sent direct to their London address.

10/6

DESIGN NO. 47. Half-a-Guinea. The Chesterfield Costume is in great demand this season. Allen Foster & Co. are offering a special line of extraordinary value. This charming Costume, Design No. 47, is made in the Specialist's Serge, tailor-made, and well finished; full size skirt. Price only 10/6. Skirt only 5/6. or in the new Venetian Cloth only 13/6. This costume also looks well in the pretty Edinboro' Tweed, price 15/6. Patterns Free.

10/6

DESIGN NO. 545. Half-a-Guinea. Is a Fashionable Costume for the Spring season. A wonderful Costume for Half-a-Guinea. Made in the Allen Foster Specialist's Serge. It consists of the stylish Kneeer Jacket with fashionably made skirt. Velvet collar and tailor stitching. Costume complete, 10/6; Skirt only, 5/6. This Costume, in our Heavy Frieze Coating will be 15/6. Patterns Free.

10/6

DESIGN NO. 100. Half-a-Guinea. A Costume any lady can wear. Made in the Allen Foster Specialist's Serge. Unsurpassed for wear and durability. This attractive Costume has a light-fitting bodice, with full pleated front and pretty lapels, trimmed braid and large buttons. The skirt is well made and according to present fashion. Thousands of Testimonials. Costume complete, 10/6; Skirt only, 5/6. This Costume, made in our new Venetian Cloth will be 13/6. Patterns Free.

Patterns and Sketches Post Free.

DESIGN NO. 63. 'Alfosco' Skirts 5/6

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S "ALFOSCO" COSTUME SKIRTS. Best Value in the World. Design No. 63 is a gracefully draped skirt made in all the new and fashionable shades of the Allen Foster Specialist's Serge, price only 5/6; carriage paid del. extra. Allen Foster & Co. are now prepared to send out Patterns of their new Spring Fabrics suitable for Ladies' Skirts. All the latest cloths in Meltons, Serges, Friezes, Alpaca, plain and fancy Mohairs, figured materials, also washing Drills and Piques. These skirts can be had lined or unlined. Patterns sent all Postfree for 6d. Regular Stock Sizes of Costumes are 34, 36, and 38 inches round bust under arms, the skirts being 38, 40, and 42 inches long in front. Larger or special sizes to Customers' own measurements, 1/6 extra.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Allen Foster & Co. beg to inform the readers of "Pearson's Weekly" that their new ILLUSTRATED SECTON BOOK OF FASHIONS for the Spring Season is now in circulation. A.F. & Co. will be pleased to forward this publication, together with Patterns of their famous Dress Materials, POST FREE on application to any part of the world.

The Allen Foster Specialist's Serge is made in the following shades: Black, Navy, Blue, Brown, Fawn, Grey, Electric Blue, Myrtle, Bronze Green, N.Y. Blue, Ruby, Cardinal, &c. Any length cut at 1/6 per yard, 51 inches wide.

Each Costume is carefully packed and sent carriage paid to the Customer.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., The London Manufacturers, 17 ROSCOE ST., GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

1898. JAN.		FEBRUARY.		MARCH.		APRIL.		MAY.		JUNE.		JULY.		AUGUST.		SEPTEMBER.		OCTOBER.		NOVEMBER.		DECEMBER.	
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3^d OF TEN.



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PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

21/- DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS CARRIAGE PAID 21/-

POPULAR PARCEL

Lot 847.—Contains 1 pair Superb **Drawing-room Curtains**, choice rich lace, special value, 4yd. long 2yd. wide; 2 pairs alike **Dining-room Curtains**, exquisite design, 4yd. long 6in. wide. One pair neat fancy floral **Bedroom Curtains**, 3yd. long. Lengths of quality **Bash Curtaining**, to make 1 pair. One Gilture **Sideboard Cover**, 6ft. long, fringed. All curtains taped. Ecran if desired. Sent carriage paid for **21/-**. **GIVEN AWAY** with each parcel—6 **Lace Covers**, fringed for dressing table, one 6in. long and five smaller. The goods are so cheaply the best sent out during the past twenty years and are absolutely unparalleled for beauty of design and practical merit. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Prize Medals Chicago, Toronto, 1883 Price List post free. **300 Illustrations** of Lace Frilled Edge and Swiss Curtains from 2s. to 60s. per pair. Madras Muslin Laces, etc. **Lace** Capes, Blouses, Fichus, Pinafores. Also Hosiery. "Standard Wear." factory prices. **Lace** Edgely Roller Blinds, any size, half usual cost. Estimate

WE KNOW—WE TELL.

I WISH to call your very special attention this week to the first instalment of a new serial story which circumstances have compelled us to begin before the one which has been running for the past few months has come to an end. "Contraband of War" is going to be a story of an entirely novel kind. While the leading personages whose adventures it describes are fictitious, the scenes in which they will move will be the actual scenes of the struggle that is taking place in the Western Hemisphere. The dry details supplied by the war correspondents will form the foundation upon which a romance of absorbing interest will be built. The movements of the story will be up-to-date so far as the exigencies of preparing our huge issue permit. It may safely be predicted that "Contraband of War" will be the best serial story which has yet appeared in P.W. It is written by Mr. M. P. Shiel, author of that now famous serial tale, "The Empress of the Earth," at present appearing in the pages of SHORT STORIES. Those readers of P.W. who were wise enough to follow my advice in suggesting that they should read the "Empress," will bear me out when I say that no more forcible, yet crisp and pithy style of story has ever been written. Whether "Contraband of War" is going to beat its immediate predecessor, remains to be proved. I append here a letter which I have selected from some hundreds that I have received from correspondents regarding "The Empress of the Earth," and this will give you some idea of the merits of this story, and will put you in the way of knowing the style of tale you are asked to commence reading in P.W.

I cannot resist writing to tell you of the astonishment I feel in reading M. P. Shiel's story, "The Empress of the Earth." Without being able to criticise it in a literary manner, I am conscious that it has a style which is curiously original, and unlike any story I have read; and the development of the plot and of the central character, John Hardy, is something entirely new. Certainly it is one of the cleverest stories I have ever come across in serial form, not merely for plot, which is quite sufficiently thrilling, but for everything else—individualisation of characters, consistency, emotional grip over the reader (especially the thrilling sorts of emotion), and for its extraordinary sensationalism.

This is exactly what everybody thinks who has read the story.

MRS. J. has returned to her native village after a visit to London, and writes deploring the very man-like fashion in which the young ladies in the Strand and other thoroughfares alight from buses while they are on the move. She considers this quite the most unladylike performance of any that she observed while sight-seeing. And yet our London girls are quite modest in this respect compared with those of certain other capitals. I venture to say that not more than ten per cent. of the young ladies who spend their days in town mount or alight from vehicles while they are in motion. The average English girl knows too well how to look after herself. Constant association with vehicular traffic does not result in familiarity, but rather in well-chosen cautiousness. Of all the Continental nations I should think that the Swedes are more reckless in this respect than any others. In Christiania, for example, one sees a woman jump on board and jump off again while the tram-cars are pelting along at eight or ten miles an hour. Naturally accidents are fairly frequent, especially in wet weather.

TAKE any proverb you like and write it down on a post-card, and then elaborate it to the best of your ability in the following manner: Take "Coming events cast their shadows before them." This you might put down as "Future functions project their adumbrations antecedently." A solid silver pencil-case will go to the person who sends in the best example of this kind, and a penknife to each of the next best fifty. All attempts to reach the PROVERBIAL EDITOR by Monday, May 9th.

SMART says: "I was at a play the other night and I observed a curious error that had obviously escaped the notice of the management. There is a scene in which the lady's groom waits for her with a horse. Now that horse had on its back an ordinary man's saddle. The lady does not mount on the stage, but she afterwards appears in a drawing-room scene arrayed in her riding habit." Ridiculous blunders of this sort are common enough if you only know where to look for them. I remember a very similar instance some time ago, in which a lady came on the stage in her riding habit with spurs on both boots. In view of the fact that she was supposed to have been riding side-saddle, the discrepancy was very flagrant. Talking of one-spurred boots, I don't know whether you have observed it, but in country districts, you will nearly always find that mounted butcher boys wear only one spur, and that one on the heel opposite to the arm on which they carry the basket.

THE sixth number of the NAVAL AND MILITARY ALBUM completes the first volume. Back numbers may be obtained from Messrs. J. J. Keliber and Co., 33 King William Street, E.C., or from the offices of P.W.

A LIVERPOOL READER OF P.W., who is now taking a holiday in Florida, writes me a long and interesting letter from which I extract the following experience: He says that while travelling from St. Augustine to a little roadside station, the train came to a standstill a few yards from the beginning of a long trestle bridge, and the conductor came along and told all the passengers to get out. They then walked across the bridge in company with the driver, and when nearly on the other side, the latter waved his hands, and the stoker, who was waiting on the engine, opened the throttle valve, started it at a slow pace, and then jumped to the ground. The train passed over the bridge with not a single person on board, and as it came on terra firma, the driver swung himself on the locomotive and applied the brakes. Then everybody got in and away they went. The reason for this operation appears to have been that the bridge was considered unsafe.

JONATHAN. — Between six and seven thousand new books are published every year in this country. If you drop a post-card to this office, we will send you along a list of the best.

E. C. asks: "Was the phonograph ever anticipated in fiction? I have read of other inventions having been to some extent described by writers who were dead and gone long before the said inventions were dreamt of by people generally." — It would seem that the phonograph must be classed in this category. In 1650 C. de Bergerac wrote a book on "A Journey in the Moon." He is supposed to have a book handed to him; it is shaped like a box, and is thus described: Inside was something in metal "full of little springs and imperceptible machines. To read this book eyes are useless; ears only are required. When I wished to read I bound the box with all kinds of little nerves that I found; then I turned the needle to a certain place, and I heard, as from the lips of a human being, most remarkable facts of intense interest."

T. O. W. has observed that sentry-boxes placed outside various Government offices in London are always facing the same way, and in passing them in cold and stormy weather he has noticed the wind and rain beating into the front of the box, so that the unfortunate soldier on duty gets no protection at all.

This is so, more's the pity. I know for a fact that in Germany—and I believe that it is so in the case of other Continental countries—the sentry-box is placed on a pivot, so that the man on duty may swing it round in any direction he likes, and so protect himself from the inclemency of the weather. But when will Tommy Atkins enjoy such comfort?

JOHN JOHNS raises a nice point in the following question: "Is it possible for a person to suffer pain, and yet to forget afterwards what that pain was like?"

—To a great extent I should be inclined to think that it depended upon the normal mental condition of the person who suffered. If a man's emotions are strong, and his power of mental retention is equally strong, his memory of the sensation he experienced will, in consequence, be more lasting. Say for the first time a man suffered toothache. If he were a man with a weak memory, his impressions of that pain would be equally weak, and consequently, when the suffering was alleviated, he would fail to call up a vivid recollection of his sensations at the time. On the other hand, assuming that he were a man with a strong intellect, his power of concentration would enable him, if he wished, to suffer again in imagination the identical pangs of toothache. It is no advantage to be able to do this—in fact, it is very much the other way about. I have known writers with strong emotions and vivid imaginations to suffer most acute pains while describing the sufferings of their heroes and heroines.

ETHEL has for the past eighteen months been steadily collecting corks of every description, and has now over a thousand. These she has strung on lengths of twine, and suspended from a white enamel pole, forming a very pretty portiere. The majority of the corks bear the autographs of her friends, and in most cases those of the people in whose company she was when the bottles were opened. — I dare say that many of my readers have made collections of curious things, and, if so, I shall be pleased to hear to what use they have been put, and to give a pencil-case to the sender of the most interesting reply.

WILKINS says: "While our great inventors are wearing out their colossal brains in devising new weapons of war, from big guns to torpedo catchers, new pedestrians are still wandering about absolutely undefended against the attacks of bicycles. When you see a cyclist swinging down towards you, and you know that it is impossible to get out of the way, the only chance of safety is to open your umbrella or put your walking stick in the spokes of his front wheel, but this frequently results in much discussion, and perhaps in a police summons. Why don't you ask some of your readers to think out a bicycle protector, something that would prevent injury resulting from collisions between a man and a machine? I would do so, only I haven't got time, being employed in a Government office."

—Now then, you inventors with ideas sprouting out of your fertile brains, what do you say to this suggestion?

SINBAD THE SAILOR.—I suppose you have seen that we are again busy with the FRESH AIR FUND. You did not send an address last year, so this is the only means of communicating with you.

PROBABLY, as my readers peruse these words, the thoughts of War are uppermost in their minds, for just as I go to press with this number of P.W., the first war of any magnitude that has broken out between two highly civilised countries for many, many years appears to be at hand. Few, if any, of my readers are in a position to realise the awful sufferings and horrors that war brings in its train. Men die by the sword, women and children starve, or live in agony under the strain of sorrow. But, after all, the Britishers are not entirely free from some of the suffering. We can find them by looking round the corner. We find them in the hearts of our cities. We find them not only in the densely populated slums, but in the very bye-streets that turn off the wealthiest thoroughfares. You know very well what I am driving at. I am endeavouring to enlist your sympathies on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND children. You must look upon it in this way: By helping these little ones to lead a brighter life by instilling them with a desire to know more of the world, by giving them a glimpse of the country, by making it possible for them to realise the beauties of Nature, you are helping to lay the foundation of men, who in the future—within the next ten or fifteen years, perhaps—may be called upon to shed their blood in defence of your homes and those of your children. You don't know the horrors of war now; you certainly won't want to know them then. By sending a donation to the FRESH AIR FUND, you are, in a way, insuring yourself against the inconvenience of having skin-diseases in your back garden at some future period. By not sending along a subscription you leave one or two, or twenty, or however many children you are willing to benefit, living a life of sordid misery without any greater object than to become an accomplished pick-pocket or a thief.

THIS week I want to make a special appeal to all who are engaged in railway work. I should like to be able to acknowledge a goodly sum from railway servants, and shall be glad if the foreman at each station will make a collection on behalf of the little ones amongst his fellow-workmen, and send the amount to this office so as to reach here on May 23rd. It will materially assist the object in view if those who are not fortunate enough to be foremen will show this notice to those who are in that position.

THE winner of the £5 prize offered to the person who sent any amount which would carry the sum total in hand to £450 or over, is Mr. Henry H. Hill, of 57 Hazlebury Road, Fulham. His subscription is acknowledged under the nom-de-plume of "Starlight." The amount sent by him carried the total to £450 0s. 5½d. Another £5 will be awarded on the same conditions to the person who succeeds in making the total £550 or over.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £442 3s. 8½d.

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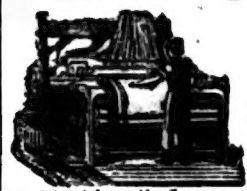
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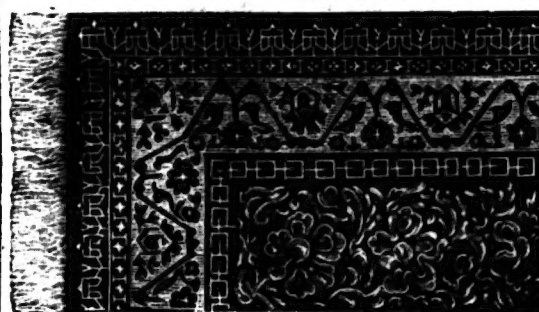
Write subject to approval or cash gladly returned. Thousands of repeat orders and Testimonials from all parts.

ILLUSTRATED BARGAIN CATALOGUES OF CARPETS, HEARTHUGS, CURTAINS, etc., POST FREE. All Orders dispatched same day in rotation as they arrive.

Sole Price. The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

2/- HEARTHUGS.

In Reversible Rich Turkey Patterns, measuring 6ft. long and 3ft. wide. These Hearthrugs have gained a world-wide reputation for Magnificence, Cheapness, and Utility, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered works of art. Thousands of repeat orders and testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three for 5s. 6d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s. The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

A new design in the "Queen's Royal" Reversible Hearthrugs. Leading designs for this season are a revival of the old Indian Art Colours, Anglo-Persian, and subdued Turkish and Oriental shades (Copyright Registered). If this design is wanted, kindly quote Registered No. 268,460.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS

Trade Mark on all Goods.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

ADMITTEDLY THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome Border to correspond.

A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction.

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting-room, and any particular colour preferred.

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

6ft. by 9ft. 7s. 6d. 10ft. by 12ft. 18s. 6d.

8ft. by 9ft. 9s. 6d. 12ft. by 12ft. 21s. 6d.

6ft. by 12ft. 10s. 6d. 9ft. by 15ft. 19s. 6d.

9ft. by 9ft. 11s. 6d. 12ft. by 13ft. 22s. 6d.

9ft. by 10ft. 13s. 6d. 12ft. by 15ft. 25s. 6d.

9ft. by 12ft. 15s. 6d. 12ft. by 18ft. 30s. 6d.

9ft. by 13ft. 16s. 6d. 12ft. by 21ft. 35s. 6d.

RE QUEEN'S ROYAL CARPETS.—The Hassocks, April 14th.—Lady Madeline Erskine writes, returning Messrs. F. Hodgson & Son a great many of her best thanks for the extremely handsome and useful Carpet, begs to assure them how warmly it is admired, and Lady M. E. hopes to be always in future able to praise these Carpets to her acquaintances and friends.

In the High Court of Justice, Chancery Division.—Hodgson v Webb Brothers.—On the 18th day of July, 1890, His Lordship, Mr. Justice Chitty, granted an Interim Injunction restraining Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Frederick Hodgson's Trade Mark "Eclipse," No. 93,774 (Leeds).

The World's "ECLIPSE" CARPETS (Registered.)

We will forward direct from the Looms, to any address, on receipt of 3s. 6d. a Genuine

WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPET**THE LARGEST
CARPET IN ORIENTAL DESIGN
Ever Sold****THE LARGEST
CARPET IN ORIENTAL DESIGN
Ever offered at the Price.**

P.S.—When this Design (Regd.) is wanted in Carpets or Hearthrugs as above, kindly quote No. 268,463.

ASIAN Designs, bordered and woven Oriental sized room, as an advertisement for the woven, not printed, and as Carpets and Rugs have been

**Twenty Patterns.
EACH.****"Eclipse" Rug sent with Carpet, 1 extra. Special Offer—Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 8s.; Four Carpets and Four Rugs, 15s. 6d.**

"We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the Carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously small sum."—EXCHANGE & MART. "Wonderful value for the money."

—CHURCH BELLS. Hundreds of favourable Press notices from the CHRISTIAN GLOBE, CHRISTIAN WORLD, CHRISTIAN AGE, ROCK, CATHOLIC TIMES, &c., &c. Thousands of Testimonials and repeat orders from our Customers. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. This extraordinary offer may not be repeated. All orders dispatched same day as received.

DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY

An entirely new Range of "Eclipse" Carpets in Algerian and New Art Shades, comprising Seals, Electric Blues, Gold, and the Leading Art Designs.

P.S.—When this Design (Regd.) is wanted in Carpets or Hearthrugs as above, kindly quote No. 268,463.

REMARKS.—A lady customer writes complaining that we send out too large a Carpet for the money. Be this so or not, we send out no Carpet measuring less than 6ft. by 9ft., even for 2s. 6d.

TEST THEM. THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU. EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.**100,000 "ALARM" CARPETS (Registered.)**

SALE PRICE

2/6

EACH.

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS. This Gigantic Offer is a Special Contract made with readers of Pearson's Weekly only. WE WILL FORWARD DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS TO ANY ADDRESS, ON RECEIPT OF AMOUNT, A GENUINE WOVEN SEAMLESS REVERSIBLE CARPET, THE LARGEST EVER SOLD AT THE PRICE. Suitable for Drawing-room or Bedroom, Bordered and Woven in Art Colours, large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any Middle Profits. These Carpets are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to Wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at almost double the above price.

SPECIAL OFFER—TWO CARPETS and TWO RUGS, 6s. 3d. FOUR CARPETS and FOUR RUGS, 12s. 3d. Value unequalled in the Annals of Advertising. All orders dispatched same day as received. Examine and compare these Carpets.**OUR NEW VENTURE! Yes. Two Different Pattern Hearthrugs or Carpets for the Price of One. (Copyright.)** Whereas, in launching forth our New Production, THE "PRUDENTIAL" CARPETS and HEARTHUGS, we beg to state they will have a Rich Turkish and Persian Design on one side, and an elegant and costly design of Wilton make. The advantage thus gained is great, as they can be utilised in various rooms at one cost. This is a valuable step in economy.**(REGISTERED.) PRODIGIOUS SALE OF THE "PRUDENTIAL" CARPETS****REVERSIBLE CARPETS**

Reversible, with a different pattern on both sides, woven throughout with handsome Border to correspond; richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. Made in 10 sizes only. These carpets are made with much care, labour, and forethought, and are made in handsome and elaborate patterns (which are protected by registration). They combine the rich blended colours of the Turkish and Persian with the elegant design of Wilton. These goods cannot be distinguished from real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.



(Copyright Regd.) If this design is wanted, kindly quote Registered No. 268,465.

6ft. by 9ft., Reduced sale price 4s. 9d. each 10ft. by 12ft., Reduced sale price 11s. 6d. each
7ft. by 9ft. " 5s. 11d. " 12ft. by 12ft. " 12s. 9d. "
9ft. by 9ft. " 7s. 6d. " 12ft. by 13ft. " 14s. 6d. "
9ft. by 10ft. " 8s. 6d. " 12ft. by 15ft. " 15s. 9d. "
9ft. by 12ft. " 9s. 6d. " 12ft. by 18ft. " 19s. 6d. "
9ft. by 13ft. " 12s. 6d. " 12ft. by 21ft. " 22s. 6d. "
When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room and any particular colour preferred.**A REVERSIBLE "PRUDENTIAL" HEARTHUG (Regd.)**

to match above Carpets, sent for 1s. 6d. extra, size two yards long and one yard wide.

Special Offer, 3 Hearthrugs for 4s. 2d., or 6 for 8s., or 12 for 15s. 6d.

The old style of covering the floor of a room entirely with carpet is gradually giving place to the more healthy mode of laying down a square in the middle of the room, and the flooring beyond being stained and varnished, or polished with beeswax, according to the French fashion.

Neal Lodge, Upper Norwood, S.E., Jan. 18th.—The Dowry, Lady Abercromby is pleased with the "Prudential" Carpet she ordered.

Jenkin Villa, Shepley, near Huddersfield, Jan. 23rd.—Mrs. H. Matthew writes: "Please send me one 'Prudential' Carpet, 5s. 11d. The last I had was claret and gold. I am pleased with the Carpets I have had before."

We rely upon Spontaneous Repeat Orders from our clients for the maintenance of our Trade. Established Quarter of a Century. All orders dispatched same day in rotation as they arrive by post.

Telegraphic Address: "ECLIPSE, LEADS." Telephone No. 948.

N.B.—Foreign Orders executed and packed free, and shipped at lowest rates. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to F. Hodgson & Son.

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, LEEDS.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON.